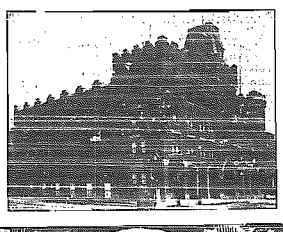
THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 3. | WILLIAM BOOTH, General. | TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1899. | EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. | Price, 5 Cents.



Our 17th Birthday.

SEVENTEEN years ago the Army was, on the horizon of the people of Canada, like a cloud not bigger than a man's hand. It spread rapidly until it covered the whole sky and like a whirl-wind made its presence felt in compelling attention to itself, as well as inducing in the individual a heart-searching which was felt in every church and religious society. After seventeen years the mere external and curiosity-arousing features of the Army have been mellowed by the familiarity with the sight of our marches and open-airs in city and village; the sky-covering cloud has dissolved into a rain of blessing and refreshing to the land, and in turn a consolidated, well-organized and drilled fighting force has been the visible harvest of the spiritual thunder-storm—caused by the advent of the Army. But to measure the Army's success even by its present showing of hundreds of officers, thousands of non-commissioned officers, League of Mercy and Rescue Brigades, its numerous Social Institutions and properties, etc., would not give us the sum total of its work. Inspired and filled with the Spirit of Truth and Holy Zeal it has been felt directly and indirectly as a mighty uplifting and reviving power by every church and by thousands of its converts, who found the Life of God at the Army's humble penitent form and joined other denominations whose creed and characteristics appealed strongest to their disposition or views. For all this we give God the glory, and pray that the Army's experience of the past 17 years may enable us to advance faster and with greater definite results during the twelve months before us.

The Anniversary Meetings—our birthday party— commenced with a lively and well-piloted reception to the District Officers by Colonel Jacobs on Saturday night, October 7th.

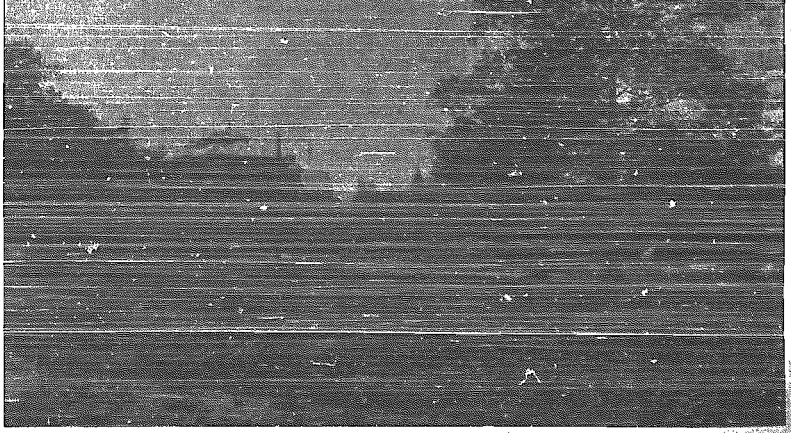
The Sunday was well begun with a holiness meeting at the Temple, at which the Colonel was "simply immense," to use the criticism of Major Hargrave, borne out by other Provincial Officers.

The Field Commissioner's addresses, both in the afternoon and night, were masterpieces. The command of language, her earnestness, her perfect naturalness, her ever-present, ever-remembered and ever-evident purpose of getting at the conscience of her audience to compel men to see themselves in their true perilous position before God and seek His mercy, were the characteristic points of Miss Booth's addresses that appeared more prominently than ever. "A profound conception," was the comment of Major Pickering about "Love's Sunset."

"The afternoon was a magnificent, eloquent and masterful address; the evening was nothing short of a powerful and inspired salvation preachment which went home to the conscience and resulted in a row of penitents," said Lieut.-Col. Margetts. Everybody had only comments of appreciation, and a profound impression was created by Miss Booth's two addresses. But we must refer our readers to the detailed reports of the meetings on pages 8 and 9.

The Reception given by the Chief Secretary to the Provincial Officers and visiting Staff and Field Officers was a merry affair, and an evident effort on the part of the worthy Provincials to provoke each other to good works.

The officers' councils and other meetings in connection with our Anniversary will be reported in our next issue. There is every indication of the 17th Anniversary councils being seasons of defined advancement, inspiration and Holy Ghost baptism.



THE PAVILION, HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, TORONTO.

Australasia Revisited

OR,

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COMMISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER XII.

A SECRET BOOK.

It is worth remarking here that no sooner does the Army score a big victory than we almost immediately thereafter encounter opposition from most unexpected quarters. A dead calm often precedes a furious gale, and mighty spiritual victory aggravates the arch-enemy of souls.

In this history which we are attempting to set forth, it is certain that the New Zealand leader was approaching the first real test of the Army's ability to withstand the fire of keen, rasping, and influential criticism.

Pollard was carrying everything before him. People of the South Island speedily recognized the merits of the Army. They viewed with sympathy, and many with enthusiastic admiration, the daring enterprise, consuming zeal and passion for Christian truth of its officers, and their utter disregard for conventional methods of urging the claims of God upon the masses. New Zealand was nearing the zenith of its emigration policy. Trade was prosperous. The Government were at peace with the Maoris, and reaping the benefits of rich harvests. Schemes for railway extension were engrossing the public mind. Enter the Salvation Army with its fiery crusade against sin, its brightness, and lightness, and faith in the salvability of the worst and vilest of humanity.

A close acquaintance with Colonial ways and its freedom from the restraints and etiquette of the home country, acted like nectar on the versatile, restive ambitious spirit of Pollard. Invercargill was opened. Omerau, Port Chalmers, were added to Dunedin II., and Captain Ironsides Edwardes—"as noble-hearted a fellow as ever faced an audience, a name still revered by all classes in Christchurch," says Commissioner Pollard—was revolutionizing Christchurch. A War Cry was now printed and appearing weekly, with a circulation of ten thousand, when, like a bolt from the blue, the enemy in ambush opened fire.

Some of our readers will recollect that about this time a section of the Press in England attacked the Army on the supposed ground that, having a military form of government, it had Jesuitical methods, and the General was denounced as the author of "Secret Orders" to his officers, which he had not the courage to publish to the world.

The news of the controversy was carried to New Zealand, and a copy of the so-called Secret Book came into the possession of a clever newspaper writer. In the columns of a popular local in Dunedin, this correspondent—using the nom de plume of "Behind the Scenes"—created a sensation by setting forth a series of "Revelations," derived from a study of the Secret Book. These "Revelations" were dressed in fine, rounded sentences, and well charged with literary brimstone and satire.

In the main, the writer "discovered" that the General was an autocrat, his officers were automatons, who could neither wear a white shirt nor a gold ring, nor speak to Mary Ann without the permission of the autocrat, and that the doctrines, customs, rules, and government of the Army were subversive of democratic principles; in fine Jesuitical at their very marrow.

Pollard, who by this time had, at the suggestion of Melbourne, assumed the title of Staff-Captain, took no notice of the attack. "He was too busy attacking real and open enemies, instead of secret ones," he replied; but he learned that in a democratic country like New Zealand, the shortest route to the refutation of lies is a straightforward rebutment.

And he did so in his most business-like style. In substance, this is what he said:

"Dear Editor,—What a storm in a tea-cup! Of course we have a Secret Book. So has every organization under the sun. We have orders and regulations, and doctrinal definitions printed for the use of our officers. But is it not a trifle funny that one who deplores secrecy should fire his missiles from 'behind the scenes'? That your correspondent may understand that we have nothing to hide, and the public have every reason to be satisfied that we are what we profess to be, I have this day ordered a first edition of the so-called Secret Book to be published at the democratic price of one penny each. They can judge for themselves. In the meantime, ring up the curtain, and let us have some light on the entity and name of "Behind the Scenes."'"

This outspoken and practical challenge spiked the guns of "Behind the Scenes," who had no alternative left him but disclose himself as a Presbyterian minister! The effect of the announcement was far from pleasant upon the members of his church, some of whom had warmly and generously espoused the cause of the Army.

Undaunted, however, the reverend gentleman pursued his investigations, and announced his intention of putting into permanent form the letters which had already appeared. The book was put in the press, and the stereo blocks were taken to his manse—for safety we suppose.

This did not perturb Staff-Capt. Pollard. His first edition of the Secret Book—which was none other than the useful and commendable little "Doctrines and Discipline," which nearly all the world knows as the "D. D."—found a ready sale, with a profitable balance to the credit of the war-chest. Staff-Capt. Pollard concentrated his energies upon the war, and about this time arranged for a mighty demonstration at Christchurch, the place of residence of the reverend author of the "Revelations."

This was preceded, we might say, by one of the largest tea-fights, perhaps, in the Army's history. It began at three in the afternoon and terminated at 7:30, during which over two thousand persons, in relays of hundreds, sat down at the tables. It was at this festive board, too, that 'midst a wild hurricane of enthusiasm, Staff-Capt. Pollard read the following cablegram from London:

"Shipping reinforcements, including Capt. Pearcey, who embarks with prayers for future happiness and service in the war. Congratulate New Zealand soldiers upon the noble fight for God. You are promoted to the rank of Major.—General."

These Christchurch soldiers felt as much honored by this announcement as if they had received a cablegram from Downing Street that Her Majesty had appointed the Prince of Wales to be the next Governor of the Colony.

Then followed an All-Night-of-Prayer, which Commissioner Pollard had announced in huge placards as "A Great Baptism of Fire!"

A memorable night—a night when the Divine power fell with overwhelming force upon a crowd of believing, daring people; a night when tongues were loosed, cleansed, and hearts consecrated to the service of God and the salvation of souls; a night when God put His seal upon the leaders of the Salvation Army in this Colony; a night which, in the light of events, suggested to many the Scriptural "woe" to those who interfere with God's elect. During the night of this All-Night-of-Prayer, the house of the Army's antagonist caught fire and was burned to the ground, including the blocks of the book that was to pulverise the Army by exposing its Jesuitism to the world!

The newspapers, of course, were quick to perceive a hit in the situation. "The Baptism of Fire," they recorded, "may have occurred at the Army barracks, under the guidance of Major Pollard. We saw no signs of it. It is certain, however, that a baptism of the destructive agency swept the Rev. Mr. ——'s manse away."

The reverend gentleman was well advised when he quitted the colony a fortnight later.

(To be continued.)

THE DEVIL'S SCHOOL.

By ENSIGN THORKILDSON.

For about fifteen years I frequented a certain institution which is licensed by the people and protected by the authorities, and that alone ought to be reason, apology, or excuse, enough for not seeing its danger at once. In that particular, legimate, licensed and protected institution, I received my first lesson in swearing and blaspheming. There I found out from the most experienced of liars just how to deliver a lie. There is where my mind got stained with the first immoral jokes and stories. There I heard how stealing was done, and saw with my own eyes how people were robbed. There I saw for the first time (and can yet recall, time, place, and names for every assertion made here) how authorities were defied and deceived, by-laws and other laws evaded and broken, and voters and the law-makers themselves corrupted. There I learned and saw others learn, how to squander and spend money for that which is not bread. There the mystery was unravelled to me where brutes and wife-beaters, tramps and strong, able-bodied beggars, roughs and rascals, blasphemers, infidels and jail-birds get their start. There I lost faith in my God and my fellowmen, and in myself, and of all the evils that I know anything about to-day, without exaggerating, I believe that 80 per cent. were learned there. And with the best of my will and with the desire to be fair, and looking through the fifteen years' experience, I cannot say that one good and pure principle or motive was ever kindled within me through the influence of that legitimate, licensed, protected institution—the saloon.

"The Life of John Read."

Dr. Amelia Yeomans, Winnipeg, writes: "Thanks for the copy of your very interesting book. As I read it, how the Major came back to my mind, especially as I have seen him in your absence, and just before the visit of General Booth to Winnipeg, his energetic nature was struggling bravely with the inroads of insidious disease, and seemed sometimes in a fair way to triumph over it. He conversed brightly with me for some time, but when I said good-bye he looked so earnestly at me and asked me that I would pray that he might yet be raised up and restored.

"'Am I not to qualify it, Major,' I said, 'with, if it be Thy will?' 'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'but I feel sure it must be His will that I should stay a little longer with my dear wife. Ask Him.' I promised that I would. He was far too active during the General's visit for his own good. Now, the dear Lord has answered that prayer. It was wonderful how long Major Read lived under the inroads of so serious a malady. I have enjoyed reading your book, home life and field life. All has given me pleasure and profit, and fixed in my mind the remembrance of your husband as a genial man and faithful officer as I knew him, struggling, and winning the struggle, to be true to God and the best that was in him, fighting fearful odds of discouragement and pain. Surely it is well that he is resting in the sleep that God giveth to His beloved."

When we are in a state of real, sound, spiritual health, our souls are clothed in love.

Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Correction.

Major Pickering writes to say that in the recent account of his career in the War Cry, it was stated that he had been eight months in command of West London; this should read 18 months instead. The printer's devil further substitutes the word "I" for "we" in a Skagway report recently written by Ensign Bloss, who wishes it understood that he is writing for Adjt. McGill, as well.

The Inquiry Department.

Mrs. Major Smeeton informs us that the figures which she supplied with reference to her Department were not complete at the time. Since they appeared in our last issue she has discovered that the number of cases found by the Canadian branch of the International Inquiry Department are ... instead of 56. We are pleased to insert this as requested.

A Campbellton Enterprise.

A small newspaper assails in an editorial the statement of a War Cry correspondent in the same town that the people there "love the War Cry," saying that people bought the Cry largely "from a good-natured impulse." We presume the Editor might find food for thought if he applies that remark to his own publication, for we do not doubt that many subscribe to it because they would think it too bad to see the town without a newspaper. The protestation also, that he, the editor of the enterprising secular paper, could not see how the reading matter of the Cry, and its illustrations, could hasten the millenium, are best answered by the question, what has he accomplished to better humanity? If he can show such tangible evidence as we have referred to in that very issue of the War Cry to which he alluded (page 2) as the direct outcome of his paper, then, and only then, is he a competent judge and critic.

Peace or War?

The scales which shall decide whether there shall be war with the Transvaal are still trembling. We sincerely pray and trust that the horrors of bloodshed will yet be avoided, for however much the masses clamor for war, their cheap bravado would quickly subside if the fighting forces were recruited from their ranks. Every fair and honest means should be employed to bring about a peaceful settlement.

Bermuda Cyclone and S. A. War.

You have no doubt read in the papers, or heard of, the cyclone we had in Bermuda Tuesday night, Sept. 12th. It was a frightful storm, and one of the worst they have had for eighty years. I'm glad to be able to report that no harm befell any of our halls, and the only loss was a few shingles off our quarters' roof at Hamilton, and a few off the quarters at St. George's. Everything is going nicely. We have had about sixty souls for pardon and purity since coming to Bermuda. We like the place very much. The soldier and sailor boys are a fine lot and our colored comrades are all right. God bless them.—G. Miller, D. O.

A Press Opinion about "The Life of John Read."

Mr. Luther Werry, Montreal Witness, writes: "I have had a glance at the book and must congratulate you upon your success, from a literary point of view. It will be more gratifying to you, however, to know that I have felt blessing and inspiration breathing from its pages, and I do not hesitate to prophecy that it will prove a blessing to thousands of others. The photographs, both in choice and execution, are all that could be desired."

THE LIGHT OF LONDON.

As Reflected by the Editorial Looking-Glass.

Some Interesting Facts and Figures of the Work in the W. O. P.—Barriers to Soldier-Making —Revival in Property Improvements— The "Cry" Thermometer Takes a Big Jump—The Chancellor's Second Wife — An Up-to-Date Crowd — A Spicy Interview.

I UNDERSTAND the W. O. P. has made some notable advances during the past two years ?"

"Yes, I am happy to say we have been steadily advancing, though we have many difficulties to contend with."

"What would be the nature of some of the difficulties you speak of ?"

"In particular I would say the maintaining of interest in the smaller places. This calls for inventive genius, as well as platform ability on the part of the Field Officers."

"I understand you have a number of places with small populations. Could you give me an idea of this ?"

"Well, I think the fact that half our corps have not a population exceeding 2,000, speaks for itself. That is to say, we have at least 20 corps with populations ranging from 300 to 2,000."

"And are the usual number of churches established in these places ?" queried the interviewer.

"Yes, usually about four or five regular churches, besides irregular, and the latter is an uncertain quantity. The church accommodation often exceeds the population."

"Are there flourishing corps in some of these cases ?"

"I am happy to say there are, and the fact is a sufficient apology for our presence, and a good answer to an occasional minister, who seems to have no better use for his time and opportunities than to endeavor to show why the Army should not operate in that particular place."

"You do not mean to say that at this late day such a thing happens ?"

"Only seldom, fortunately, but I have come across a few cases recently. Were the question to be settled according to merit in those cases, the Army would stand an exceedingly good chance, as the ex-drunkards and others, not reached by the churches, and who for years have been loyal soldiers, and energetic and faithful followers of Jesus Christ, would have overwhelming evidence as to the most successful method of saving souls. And remember—(here the Major waxed warm, and raised his finger as if to fix it on my attention)—Jesus said, 'Follow Me,' and what ? I will teach you to entertain—to talk—to go through an æsthetic routinism ? No ! 'And I will make you fishers of men.' "

"That's perfectly logical, Major. How about the progress of the work—how about soldiers ?"

"If you mean for fighting qualities, they are second to none. If for numbers, we stand about the same as two years ago. Although we have enrolled 300 since that time, our losses have been heavy during the past year, principally through removals, as stated in the write-up of the Province a few months ago. We are just launching an extraordinary enlisting effort."

"Do you consider it more difficult to make soldiers now than formerly ? And if so, could you give your opinion as to the reason ?"

"Yes, I certainly think it is more difficult. As to the reasons, I think the conditions of soldiership (and I take those stipulated by Jesus Himself, 'Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily,' etc.) are diametrically opposed to the spirit of the age, which is worldliness, and pleasure-seeking."

"That is certainly to the point, Major, but where do you attach the blame ?"

"Primarily, to the individual, of course, though secondary influences may be found in the neglect of home training by even professedly Christian parents, and sometimes S. A. soldiers. The bicycle, and other modern inventions, have tended to feed this spirit of pleasure-seeking. The greater the privilege the more likelihood of abuse."

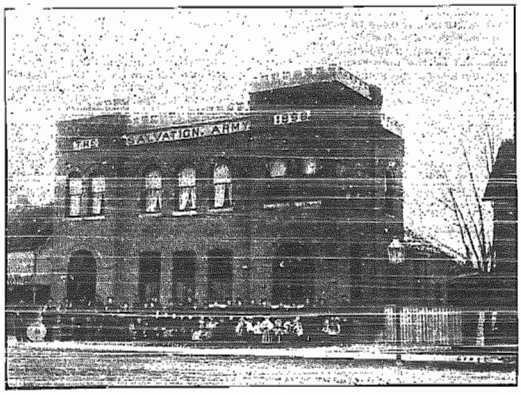
"You certainly seem to have touched on a very important and far-reaching point there, Major. I see the W. O. P. continues to maintain its record in the the annual efforts."

"Of course ! What would you expect? Each succeeding effort seems to be the opportunity for demonstrating the kind of material our officers and troops are made of. We shall do a good fight in the coming Self-Denial battle. Just come our way if you want to see a fight."

"And Arab ?" (The sound of his favorite steed's name proved a magic shock to the Major.)

"He's all right," returned the W. O. P. commander, when he had recovered. "Arab felt lonely, being all alone (at the front, of course), and so rested to let one or two of the other poor fellows come in and get warm. Our granaries have not run out, and after a few more outs, Arab will again assert himself in his old and coveted position."

"Yes, Arab has certainly made a record. How does the War Cry sales compare with two years ago ?"



St. Thomas Barracks.

"I am glad you said 'sale.' I prefer it to the word 'take.' To the honor of our old valiant boomers I am delighted to say we sell, and pay for, in round figures 1,000 more copies than we did two years ago. Don't look surprised, go down stairs and ask the Cashier. We sell 5,500 weekly, and that among a population of less than 200,000. How's that ?"

"Very good, indeed. I hear, also, that you have provided a number of officers in the way of Candidates ?"

"Yes, I think we have done our share. During the past two years we have sent 38 to the Garrison, and others will soon be going. We have accepted in that time over 50 Candidates."

"That's splendid. Your stations are pretty well supplied, then ?"

"Pretty well, but we have given quite a number of officers in transfers to the States, and so on."

"Are there any other features of interest to the War Cry readers, Major ?"

"Well, I think the revival of Property matters in the time stated is quite an interesting item. I found on going over the Property Minute Book the other day that our position in this respect had been improved to the value of over $5,000. Less than half the amount was advanced by Headquarters, the balance being raised by local corps, assisted by small grants from the Repairs Fund."

"I remember something of the splendid building erected at St. Thomas."

"It is a fine job, and is regarded with pride by the citizens, and it has also improved our position in the community by 500 per cent. Petrolia (though done before my time) has paid $750 balance off the $1,000 it cost to re-model the barracks and put in quarters. Ridgetown did a good stroke when for $1,000 a nice little hall was bought and moved to a lot purchased at the same time, with a house upon it, making a neat property with barracks and quarters attached. Some $300 was raised locally, the balance being paid off as rent in seven years, two of which have expired. Then Strathroy put in a neat quarters costing $150. Watford also bought a small house and fixed up as a quarters at rear of barracks. Thedford, due to the energy and skill of Capt. Jarvis, has a neat quarters, all paid for at the opening, costing $100. Though working at this, the Captain went $5 over his H. F. target. That's the kind of work, eh ?"

The Cry man acquiesced, a small collision against his bulwarks compelling him to do so.

"Then," continued the Major, "Galt, Brantford, Palmerston, Woodstock, Bothwell, Ingersoll, and a number of others have done their share. A general improvement has also been affected in making barracks more cheerful, and so on, which also applies to quarters. There is still room for improvement, but we are on the right track."

"That must be very gratifying to yourself and all concerned. Anything else, Major ?"

Major Southall, West Ontario Province.

"Let me see. Oh, yes ! Remember among other champion features we have the champion collector, Sergt. Armstrong ; and the champion band, London, in Self-Denial, of the Territory. By the way, a few more of our bands are going to do some 'starring' in the coming effort."

"Ha, ha ! I see you can keep your end up. Am I detaining you ? How about your staff ?

"We work A 1 together. Everything goes like clockwork. Staff-Captain Phillips is most devoted to his second wife—don't look alarmed, the typewriter I mean—and almost drops a tear when he has to drop her for a week-end. 'Neatness and despatch,' is the Chancellor's motto, hence the frequent encomiums from the different Departments at Headquarters of the character of our work. Mrs. Phillips is ready at any time to assist in the work, and delights in doing a bit of specialling. Captain Smith does his work neat, and keeps it up-to-date. We are an up-to-date crowd, rejoicing in an up-to-date salvation."

"One word more. How is Mrs. Southall and family ?"

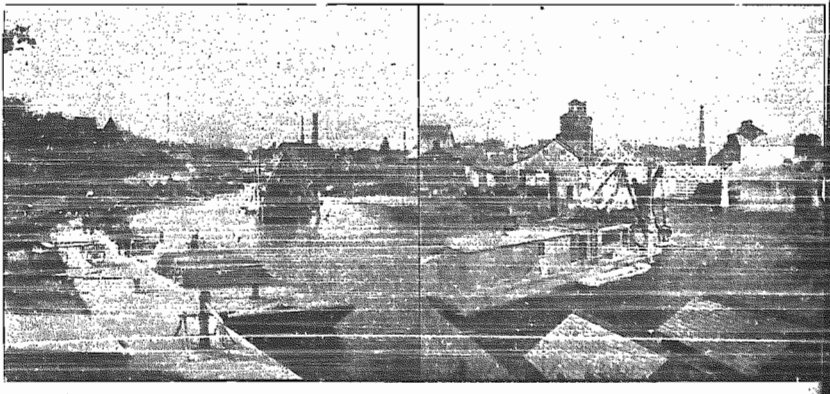
"Very well, thank you. Mrs. Southall has done quite a lot of touring with me, and yet manages to do considerable in teaching the children—in which she is extremely careful—as well as making nearly all their clothing. Like her saintly and energetic mother—Adjutant Laugtry—she has a very tender conscience on the matter of employing her time, and considers it a sin to waste it. If not able for anything else, she reads. She delights to do something to cheer and help the officers, and needless to say, is a great help to me ; but I must stop."

"You must be a fortunate and happy man with such surroundings," I ejaculated.

"Decidedly. And it's myself that is aware of the fact. By-by," and the W. O. P. commander had flitted.

Don't let us sell the Lord's cross to win the devil's crown.

Before you give thanks you must give thought ; thanksgiving follows thoughtgiving.



LINDSAY WHARF, AND VIEW FROM IT.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieut. Laws, of Hampton, to be Captain at St. Stephen.

Lieut. Hubkirk, of Neepawa, to be Captain at Emerson.

Lieut. Woodworth, of Calgary, to be Captain at Prince Albert.

Lieut. Anderson, of Jamestown, to be Captain at Jamestown.

Lieut. Hammond, of Larimore, to be Captain at Larimore.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

Let Us Have War!

As we go to press with this edition the threatening war cloud that has been gathering over South Africa seems to show signs of lifting. For weeks there has been a fearful, agonizing uncertainty that has paralyzed business, injured industry, closed homes and made paupers and refugees. There has been much cry for war; but we also notice with satisfaction that the peace party is in the ascendancy. It is doubtful whether any sensible man who takes the trouble to look into the dispute can possibly find in the most grave question about which Great Britain and the Transvaal are at variance, anything that could justify two so-called Christian nations going to war. Surely the peaceful resources to settle such a dispute have not been by any means exhausted. National Honor is often used as a convenient phrase by irresponsible but ambitious people to justify their own schemes. To honorably settle by patient but firm insistence a delicate dispute, without bloodshed and annihilation of a weaker nation could only strengthen the dignity and brighten the glory of the British Empire, while an unnecessary war would not only hedim the British nation's history, but also sow the seed of death to national greatness as it has done in the career of all past world-powers. Righteousness—and it alone—exalts a nation; all others ways of exaltation are delusions that promise much but lead to death. Let all Salvationists proclaim unending war against all senseless prattle about carnal warfare. Let there be no misunderstanding about our position. Let us have war against war. If professing Christians would determine that there should be no war, there would be none. Public opinion has now become such a strong factor that no government can go to war without having public opinion on its side. Christianity should rule public opinion, and it can do it, if it arouses itself to action. Our Christ lives and lives to triumph.

The General's Siege of Scotland.

Our venerable leader, the General, will have concluded by the time this appears in print, a great campaign in Scotland, comprising twenty-eight meetings. The reports of the first series of his meetings at Dundee describe the same as powerful and magnificent. Thirty-five souls came forward on Saturday night in the Y. M. C. A. The Sunday's meetings were held in the Kinnaird Hall, which was crowded afternoon and night. Ninety-nine souls was the grand total of the Sunday's battle. The General surpassed himself. Commissioner Coombs said about the effect of these meetings upon the Scotch people: "They are stunned. They get sweet religion usually. General hits them between the eyes with the truth, and they see stars!" The reporter of these meetings closes his splendid account with the following paragraph: "Results:—Multitudes convicted. It was sorrowful to see the struggles of sinners. Joy on earth and in heaven over souls saved. Officers brought, by penitent form scenes, to hot faith for coming battles. Woman, going to divorce her husband and marry another man, saved. Has pledged herself to withdraw divorce proceedings and be true to her husband. Total, 134 souls. Newspapers giving good reports. Public sympathetic. The General's health good. He appears vigorous with new life. Insists 'On, on, on!' Let the Army give thanks to God for all!"

AUSTRALIAN NEWS.

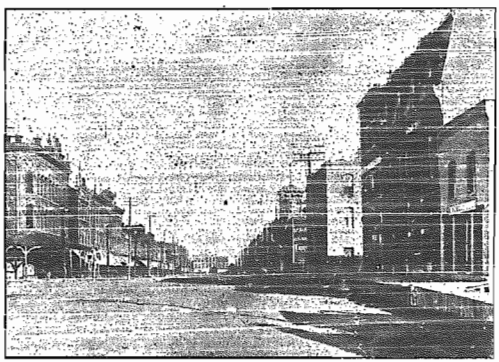
THE COMMANDANT'S WEST AUSTRALIAN TOUR—A SUMMARY OF GREAT SUCCESSES.

By STAFF-CAPT. JOHN McMILLAN.

The Commandant brought his triumphant West Australian tour to a conclusion on Tuesday, August 31st.

Although, owing to the limited time at the disposal of the officers in charge of the arrangements, the announcements for these extra meetings were necessarily meagre, the halls in both places were filled with representative audiences, who, judging by the heartiness of their applause, thoroughly appreciated the Commandant's presence in their midst. At York the mayor and mayoress were amongst the audience.

Judged from every aspect the present tour has been one of the most fruitful



Front Street, Lindsay, Ont.

the Commandant has undertaken and carried through during his Australian command, and a short resume of the work accomplished will be of interest to the numerous readers of the War Cry. During the twenty-five days spent in Westralia the Commandant has conducted twenty great public gatherings, which were attended by 14,000 persons. He also led two red-hot soldiers' meetings and two days' inspiring and instructive officers' councils, in order to fulfil which engagements he has travelled 1,630 miles, of which 150 were done in the saddle. Besides all this the Commandant has had a series of interviews with a number of leading citizens and the statesmen who support the present government, and has secured the passing of a special act of Parliament which will enable the Army to commence immediate operations on the Collie Estate. Sir John Forest, the West Australian Premier, with whom the Commandant had a couple of important interviews, expressed his warmest sympathy with the Army, and promised his heartiest support in the work to be undertaken.

The Commandant also delivered ten Social addresses by limelight to gorged houses, and has opened amidst great eclat Perth's magnificent new fortress, unanimously pronounced to be the finest structure, for its size, the Army possesses in Australasia.

The Commandant has also thoroughly inspected the great Collie Estate, the hills, streams and gullies of which have all been located and named, and the site for the first settlements fixed upon. Tenders for clearing and fencing have already been called for.

The Commandant has, in addition, opened negotiations for the inauguration of a Prison Gate Home, a Maternity Home, and a Children's Home, and has sanctioned building operations comprising the erection of a new barracks and quarters at Boulder, at a cost of £1,000.

The Commandant has decided upon the immediate opening of the following new corps: Niagara, Brown Hills, Collie Fields, and Green Bushes.

Viewed from the financial standpoint the results of the tour are no less marvellous, the gross takings totalling the large amount of £650.

AS IT COMES.

J. T. T.

The line between wits and fools is so undefined that very often the one doesn't know when he is on the other's territory.

—◈][◈—

Excuse yourself from doing what God wants you to do, and every excuse will be fuel to the fire of a burning, troubled conscience.

—◈][◈—

Many, like Judas, in the hope of gaining something, have sold their Lord and Master, but the gains have not materialized, not even the thirty silver dollars.

—◈][◈—

You may try to hide your vices under a cloak of pride, but the fabric of the cloak is very poor, and the smoke and stink of the smouldering fire that's consuming you will ooze out when you least expect it to.

The Spirit of God in man means death, not to one, but to every bad and sinful habit.

—◈][◈—

To subdue a bad habit by degrees, works about the same way as putting out a blazing fire with snow-balls. You may do it, but the chances are that your structure will be consumed before you succeed.

—◈][◈—

The gulf between some people's wants and needs is much greater than the contents of their pocketbooks can bridge.

—◈][◈—

If you want the earth you'd better hurry up and take it, or you won't enjoy your possessions very long.

—◈][◈—

Success built on sin, like a house built on mud, may collapse any time.

—◈][◈—

The people who are always "passing away the time" are not, as a rule, longing and waiting to get old quick.

—◈][◈—

If you think it is necessary, in order to be up to your times, to say "there is no God," you are simply going back to David's time, and taking the stand that fools took then, when "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." (Ps. xiv. 1.)

To the mind of the speculator or gambler the maxim "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35), must be just the reverse.

—◈][◈—

It does not require much schooling to learn to say yes or no, but there are people who have not been able in a life-time to learn to say either one of these little words, just at the right time.

True Development.

Parents who shelter their children from every rough wind, who think and plan for them, and do everything for them, in youth, never inuring them to burdens, to responsibility, to self-care, are not preparing them in the wisest way for life. That is not God's way with us. He does not save us from struggle, from tasks, from thought, from discipline and suffering. He loves us too well for this. He would make us brave, strong, wise, and self-reliant, and therefore He leads us into ways in which we must use every power we have, and develop every slumbering resource in our nature. Thus He prepares us for meeting whatever experiences the future may bring, and trains us for the best character and the largest usefulness.

Improvement is a Duty.

Progress and improvement are every man's duty. It is not right to remain as we were, or as we are. We ought to be all the time gaining and growing in experience and attainment and grace. It may be to our shame that we are just where God put us, and that we have just what God gave to us. A man whose looks were spoken of contemptuously, said in rejoinder, "You're no right to find fault with my looks; I'm just as God made me." "I know it, and that's what I'm blaming you for," said the critic; "you've never made an improvement on yourself." That answer made a fair point. If the Lord puts us at the bottom of a hill, or at the beginning of a road, it may be for us to mount or to proceed, and not to stop where we are. It was the man who retained just what the Lord gave him, and was ready to give back that at the day of reckoning, who not only lost his possessions, but was cast out into outer darkness as an unprofitable servant. Remaining just as God made us may be the cause of our condemnation.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

will visit the

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE

and conduct Special Meetings as follows:

Winnipeg, from Saturday, Oct. 21, to Thursday, Oct. 26.

Portage la Prairie, Friday, Oct. 27.

Brandon, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 28, 29.

Moose Jaw, Monday, Oct. 30.

Lethbridge, Wednesday, Nov. 1.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJUTANT WISEMAN.

Toronto, Thursday, Oct. 19, to Wednesday, Oct. 25.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

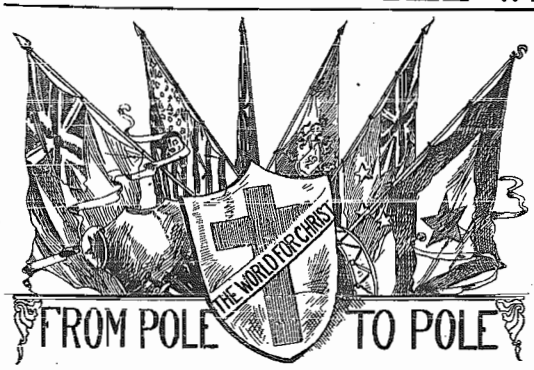
Port Arthur, Thursday, Oct. 19, to Sunday, Oct. 22.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Brampton, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 21, 22.
Orangeville, Monday, Oct. 23.
Feversham, Tuesday, Oct. 24.
Owen Sound, Wednesday, Oct. 25.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Houlton, Thursday, Oct. 19.
St. Stephen, Friday, Oct. 20.
Calais, Me., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 21, 22.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General led some splendid meetings in Dundee, Scotland. Total, 134 souls. This is a great victory for Dundee.

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Sir George Pilkington, M. P. for the Borough of Southport, entertained Colonel Musa Bhai and his party of Indians when on a visit to the town. The collections for the week-end amounted to over $550.

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Mrs. Bramwell Booth's next visit to Manchester is fixed. The Lord Mayor will preside. Mrs. Booth's last gathering, in the Lord Mayor's parlor, gave a powerful impetus to the Rescue Work in that city, and raised us some good, warm-hearted friends.

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Colonel Stitt has been experimenting with an ozone manufacturing machine, with a view to treating the submerged of London to free seaside breezes in our Shelters. If it is adopted, the death-rate in the surrounding district should be materially diminished.

—//—

An important European Campaign is being planned by the General.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander has just concluded a New England campaign. Mayor Jackson presided at Fall River.

—//—

Our old friend, Colonel Holland, and Lieut.-Colonel Lewis, led some meetings at New York I., and rejoiced over 18 souls saved.

—//—

Speaking of the Philadelphia persecutions, Uncle Paul, in the English War Cry, says: "There was an air of 'I told you so,' in the Foreign Office when the news got there that the Philadelphia persecutions had ignominiously broken down. I congratulate Commander Booth-Tucker and Brigadier Gifford upon the splendid triumph of their comrades and faith. It will be a long time before the police of the Quaker City again seek to put down the drum and tambourine of the Army."

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Brigadier Gifford's report shows an increase of 230 soldiers for last month.

—//—

Major Cox reports 96 more soldiers and 12 additional local officers for last month.

AUSTRALIA.

Commandant Herbert Booth has had some extraordinary meetings on Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie Goldfields. The largest buildings available proved to be too small to hold the crowds, and the income for these two places was £200, and 23 souls for salvation.

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The telegraphic soul-saving record in the latest Australian Cry to hand totals 500.

—//—

Mrs. Capt. Dodd, of South Australia, has been promoted to Glory.

—//—

An extensive Field change has just been arranged in Australia. It affected over 500 officers.

SOUTH AFRICA.

There is an appeal in the English Cry for funds to provide for active Red Cross and Salvation work in South Africa in case of war.

—//—

In Stamford Street, through which the farewell procession of Commissioner Kilbey and party passed, a number of little boys, hearing the band, and evidently thinking that more troops were about to be entrained for the Transvaal, rushed up to greet them, frantically waving the Union Jack!

—//—

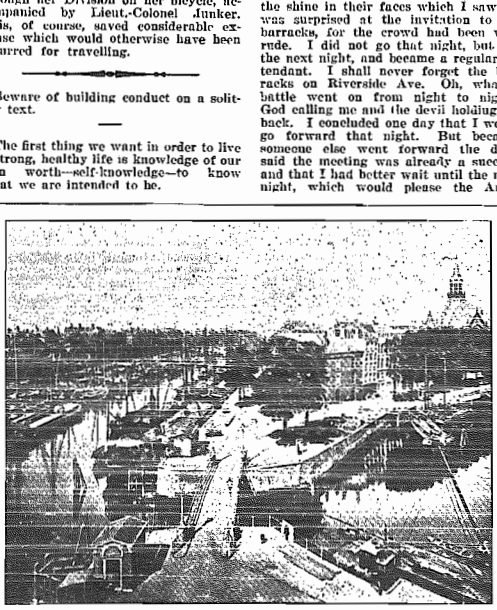
Commissioner Kilbey went off from International Headquarters to South Africa in grand style. The boys, as well as the grown-ups, manifested their love for our comrade by giving him no rest for the last hour or two. He shook hands with nearly everyone on the building. On getting on board the "Norman," at Southampton, the Commissioner was handed the following very touching telegram: "We send you and Mrs. Kilbey united greetings. Expect great victories. Do not forget soldiers and sailors.—Catherine, Mary and Miriam Booth" (daughters of the Chief of the Staff, who are greatly interested in the Naval and Military League).

GERMANY.

Another instance of the practical use of the cycle comes to hand from Germany. Brigadier Reid has been doing her first tour through her Division on her bicycle, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Junker. This, of course, saved considerable expense which would otherwise have been incurred for travelling.

Beware of building conduct on a solitary text.

The first thing we want in order to live a strong, healthy life is knowledge of our own worth—self-knowledge—to know what we are intended to be.



View of Rotterdam, Holland

Sergt.-Major Miner,

OF DAWSON CITY CORPS

SERGT.-MAJOR MINER, Dawson, Y.T.

Collected $109 for Harvest Festival.

After prayerful thought I have concluded to give to the Cry readers an account of my conversion, and the events leading up to it. Memory brings up many things of interest to me, but the change from sin to a life pleasing to God I think will be of interest to all.

I do not wish to say more than what is necessary of my wickedness. Early in life I began the downward journey that leads to death.

At fourteen my father died and was buried beneath the withered grass of Nebraska's prairie. Mother soon lost control of me, and when I was sixteen she was glad to send me to a friend in Pennsylvania, where she hoped I would learn a trade. I was willing to learn anything else, which included card playing, drinking, and smoking. I became acquainted with the infidels. They kept me well supplied with their literature, but I preferred dime novels to any other kind of reading. I don't believe I attended church half-a-dozen times in the two years I spent at this place. I returned home, and then set out for the Black Hills of Dakota, going overland in a covered waggon. Upon arriving there I commenced a career of which I am ashamed to write—choosing my associates from among the depraved and lawless, avoiding Christians, considering them either fools or designing hypocrites. Through the force of circumstances, which were quite forcible at times, I travelled over most of the Western States and Territories, meeting with all kinds of trials and hardships incident to rapid transit on limited means. I met with many strange experiences, and, of course, in my travels, I met with the Army. The first time I only met the sound of the drum that was being played in front of a gambling hall in Oklahoma City. I enquired what the noise was and was informed that it was the S. A. I went down another street in disgust, although I had never heard a Salvationist speak, and only knew of them through the newspapers.

Lost all His Money.

After the open-air I went down to the saloon and lost all my money, playing "craps."

* * * *

Years went by and I sunk lower and lower into the misery and filth of this world.

Coming down from the mining camps of the Coeur D'Alene to Spokane, Wash., I was all eyes to see the sights of the city, so I went to see what the crowd was doing on the corner, and found the Army holding an open-air. My feelings were stirred by the prayers and testimonies which I heard, and by the shine in their faces which I saw. I was surprised at the invitation to the barracks, for the crowd had been very rude. I did not go that night, but did the next night, and became a regular attendant. I shall never forget the barracks on Riverside Ave. Oh, what a battle went on from night to night: God calling me and the devil holding me back. I concluded one day that I would go forward that night. But because someone else went forward the devil said the meeting was already a success, and that I had better wait until the next night, which would please the Army better. The next night I seemed glued to my seat. To go forward alone and be an object for the crowd to gaze on required more courage than I possessed. Soon after I returned to Nebraska, where all my good resolutions faded away like the light of the setting sun, and I became once more enveloped in the wretched darkness of sin. Sometime, somewhere, I had heard someone say that "the wages of sin is death." It rang in my ears at times, and I feared that my sins would soon end my life with no hope beyond the grave. At this I made an effort to reform myself. I thought that to be married and settle down was what I needed. I found a Swede girl that was willing to try the experiment. After we were married we moved to Oil City, Pa., where, away from my old associates, we made a fresh start. My attempts at morality were on the whole a sad failure. I quit the use of tobacco, which was quite a punishment to me. Broke off swearing, except when angry; but my greatest struggle was to tell the truth.

A Lying Tongue.

I had formed a habit of lying. My tongue would utter falsehood when I desired to speak the truth. About this time the Free Methodists started a Camp Meeting near where we lived. I forbade my wife going to hear them. I had heard what they were crazy, and I did not want a lunatic for a wife. She had been converted and joined the M. E. Church before our marriage, but her experience was not what it ought to have been at this time. She had come down more than I had come up, and we were standing together on very shaky ground. I considered it safe for me to go to the Camp Meeting, as I could trust myself. I came away trusting in Jesus. I had found what I had greatly desired—the power to do right. But, oh, what a change it made in my plans. Instead of gaining the admiration of the people, it brought upon me their contempt. Instead of being proud of an honest life, I was humbled in the very dust sharing the shame of the Cross. Glory be to His Name! He led me on step at a time, until I realized with great joy, mingled with the tears, what it was to be born again. Hallelujah! is what I said at the time, and it is the way I feel to-day.

Struck Oil.

Shortly afterwards the Army came to Oil City. I felt that I belonged to them, as God first called me through them. I offered myself to Capt. Grube, who took me as a recruit. I was among the first to be sworn in by Brigadier Streeton. I left for the Klondike shortly afterwards, wearing my uniform. I wore it on the trail. Nearly wore out my guernsey packing on the Dyea Trail. In prospecting, hunting and mining I am always known as the S. A. man. I love the uniform, but to be clothed with His righteousness is necessary to have a good fit.

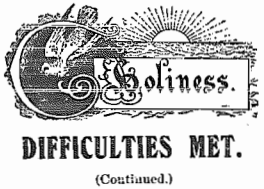
I feel thankful to the Lord for all His goodness to me, but above all for the sending of His Army here to Dawson, giving me a chance to worship God according to the dictates of my conscience, which is in the open-air in as public a way as I once served the devil.—A. C. Miner, Sergt.-Major.

Men that Have Made England Great.

When the late Earl Cairns was a little boy, he heard three words which made a memorable impression upon him, "God claims me." Then came the question, "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered, "I will own it and give myself to God."

He went home and told his mother, "God claims me." At school and college his motto was, "God claims me." As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, he was teacher of a large Bible Class, and his minister, thinking now he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him, "I suppose you will now be required to give up your class?"

"No," he replied, "I will not; God claims me."



DIFFICULTIES MET.

(Continued.)

II.

Now, in regard to how far a man can be cleansed;

Does a Man Reach the State of God?

No. Then how far can he be cleansed?

God clearly says in II. Cor. vii. 1, "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

That is it, "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit." From all, not from some. "From all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." If you want to have the life more abundant—real life flowing out of you—you must have first the cleansing from all, just as God says. There is no exception, no line is drawn there. Every uncleanness must be put out. Everything unclean must be put away. When God does the cleansing, He does it well; He doesn't do it half and half.

Some people say, "Oh, yes, we do believe in cleansing." What sort of cleansing do you believe in? Do you believe in cleansing with something unclean left within? I believed that for years. When people came to me and said, "David, do you believe in cleansing?" I would say, "Yes, I do."

"What sort of cleansing?"

"All cleansed, but the old man still inside."

I am ashamed of myself now, because I was limiting God's power, I was limiting Christ's power, I was limiting the efficacy of His Blood, I made Him a weak Saviour, I made Him a limited monarch, not an absolute monarch. I made His cleansing power very poor. I was studying just where the Mohammedans and Hindoos are now standing—believing that none can be delivered from sin in the heart in this life. They all say that sin is inside, and cannot be altered by any means. I also said sin was inside, but, praise God, I do not say so now. What is the difference? I would rather call myself a heathen than believe this unscriptural doctrine. If I believe Christ is not able to cleanse from all sin, I make Him equal to one of the powerless gods of the heathen. Oh, may God help you, my brother! Do not limit your God! Do not limit the power of Jesus Christ! The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all, from all, from ALL sin! Nothing less: Christ came to this world not only to save us from the wrath to come, but to save us from the guilt and power of sin now; and from the presence of sin hereafter when He comes. You will see plenty of things coming around, in your daily life, but nothing will get in, unless you wish and desire it to. He shall take possession of your heart, if you only allow Him to cleanse it, and keep it. In comes the light, and out goes the darkness.

You would not put a new hat on top of an old hat; no, no, you put off the old hat, and you put on the new one. You can't have a new hat on an old one. Glory be to God for the wonderful, perfect Saviour in Whom I trust!

"Jesus said unto him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." John xiii. 10. Clean every whit, except his feet. Christ spoke about the feet-washing because there are a great many difficulties surrounding Christians outside, so he needs feet-washing in his daily walk, but not heart-cleansing. That I will speak of later on. I am speaking now about heart-cleansing. "Every whit clean." "Every whit!" "EVERY WHIT!" David said, "When You wash me, I shall be whiter than snow." He knew and believed that God could give him such a heart, clean every whit. Wonderful cleansing! If you take a microscope and put the glass over the snow you are sure to find some dirt in it. But David did not believe in that kind of cleansing. He said, "Cleanse me, and I shall be whiter than snow." When God cleanses, He cleanses your heart whiter than snow, that is, from all uncleanness. Wonderful cleansing! Cleansing from all uncleanness!

1. John i. 9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Forgiveness from all sins comes first; then cleansing from all unrighteousness.

Forgiveness is not cleansing; cleansing is not forgiveness. He forgives your sins—that is the first work of grace; and then cleanses you from all unrighteousness. The first is pardon, the second is purity of heart.

Now, dear brother, you have been hearing the word of God, what do you think about it? Do you still say something of evil is left in your heart after this cleansing? If so, you make His word untrue.

People have had this teaching for years, that sin is in you and cannot be removed. They take all that their ministers and clergymen say, but they don't go to the Bible to find out whether it is so or not, for themselves. That is the way you get caught, like a fly in the treacle: you don't read the Bible. You say, "Mr. So-and-So says so; he must be right; he is a great man, he must be right; he teaches in a great college, he must be right." Oh, who told you that? Why can't you read the Bible for yourself? Search it day by day on your knees, and ask God to teach you. Glory be to God, you will understand the truth very clearly!

I wasted my life for eleven years. Instead of going to the Word of God, I studied the Bible, but not in the way I should have searched it. If a preacher said a thing I used to believe it, and argue the point with other people, because I believed in his word and did not go to the Bible for instruction. But eight years ago the Lord opened my eyes clearly to see His truth, and said, "David, go and tell out the truth I taught you, whether the people like it or not." Those of you who come to the point of Scripture teaching will certainly be used of God to win thousands and thousands of souls for Christ, because you believe His whole Word.

Oh, brother, take this truth, take it now, this teaching out of God's word! I have proved it myself in my daily life. Now, do you believe that God is willing to cleanse you from all filthiness? If so, I will show you how.

"Then sorrow whispered gently, 'Take
This burden up, be not afraid:
An hour is short. Thou scarce wilt wake
To consciousness that I have laid
My hand upon thee when the hour
Shall all have passed: and gladder then
For the brief pain's uplifting power
Thou shalt but pity griefless men.'"

Moses Helping the Daughters of Midian to Water their Flock.

League of Mercy

NEWS AND NOTES

By MRS. READ.

The League of Mercy has had a very interesting meeting in the Kingston Penitentiary. It was our quarterly meeting in the prison. Ensign Ward led, assisted by the League workers.

* * * *

Mrs. Symington, League of Mercy Sergt.-Major gives a bright little account of the work of the League in Montreal: We are having meetings in the S. A. Working Women's Home, on St. Monique St. The women seem to take it very nicely. We have also obtained permission to have meetings in the Protestant Infants' Home, on Guy St. The ladies are very kind indeed about it." At our first meeting there were seven girls. At times there are large numbers in it. Capt. Crocker and Mrs. Duncan have charge of these meetings on Wednesday evenings.

Ensign Yerex and Mrs. Fraser are visiting St. Urban's. Sisters Colley and Clarke continue to visit the Rescue Home every Monday evening. Then, for the present, the Captain from the Point goes to the Old People's Home, with Sister Morbury, to assist. The Convalescent Home is to be looked after by Mrs. Virtue and Capt. Jones. I am taking the meetings at the Women's Home.

We have a few who give regularly every week or month, and we need more. We have been much hardened for money in the past, but I hope it will not be so in the future."

We would like to draw attention to the need of financial assistance for our League work in the various cities where it is in operation.

* * * *

Mrs. Simpson, of the Guelph League, dropped into the Women's Social Department the other day. She told us of the blessing the visiting of the League is to the Royal City. The Guelph Band has visited the Hospitals at the request of the patients and with the kind permission of the Jail Governor, has played outside the jail walls for the benefit of the prisoners.

* * * *

A League worker writes from Huntsville: "Regarding our League of Mercy work, I am very pleased to say we are having good success. We visit the hospital every week, and we have been very much blessed, and I trust we have been a blessing to those whom we visit. A number seem to be very much impressed as we pray and talk with them, and I am praying and believing that they will turn to God and enjoy the blessing He gives to those who love and serve Him. We also visit the poor families and the sick and afflicted of our town. It is a new work in operation here, and appears to be working deeply in the hearts and minds of the people."

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Mrs. Staff-Capt. Gage has visited the prison and jail at Spokane since being appointed with her husband to the Pacific Province.

* * * *

Sergt.-Major Mrs. Shoemaker writes from Brantford: "We are getting on very nicely with our League of Mercy work. Our meeting last month in the House of Refuge was an exceptionally good one. Three came out for salvation. The Matron and nurses at the hospital have become very friendly and kind, and allow us to visit wherever it is possible. All the members are well and doing their work willingly."

* * * *

Brigadier Pugmire recently conducted the Sunday afternoon service in the Central Prison, and the Mercer Reformatory for Women. Both services were greatly enjoyed. In the Mercer quite a number signified their desire to enlist in the service of the Cross.

* * * *

Adjt. Jost has had the joy of seeing someone start for the Kingdom in each of her weekly meetings in the jail for some time past. The work in the little mission hall, recently opened in St. John, on Sheffield St., by our Women's Social, is prospering. Adjt. Jost, who is in command, writes that the meetings are increasing in interest and she is anticipating the accomplishment of a good work under the blessing of God this winter. Three meetings are conducted weekly.

One of the League of Mercy members in Kingston thus writes of her work in the hospital: "With pleasure we write to tell of our successful work in the General Hospital at Kingston. We have one man, Tom Derry, who they claim was one of the worst cases ever entered the hospital. He was a drunkard from a boy. He has been there now almost three years, and through violence and bad language had to be removed to the attic. While there the nurse desired us to see him, and we did so with such success that he is now a thoroughly changed and converted man.

There was also a Mrs. ——— whom we visited and got saved from a life of sin; and an old pensioner who now claims he is fit to live or ready to die. He called on me yesterday, and said he was to have his leg amputated on Friday, and desired us to be present, for he says he has no other friends.

There are many others we could mention that have been blessed."

* * * *

In Peterboro our League sisters are doing their best. They have had disadvantages in the absence and sickness of some of their members. Mrs. Comstock writes of the pleasure the patients in the Old People's Home manifest in the visits of the League, also that the prisoners in the jail welcome them gladly.

* * * *

Sergt.-Major Grizzell, of Hamilton, in a recent communication says: "We have had a convert in our meetings, and our work here in every way is a great success."

* * * *

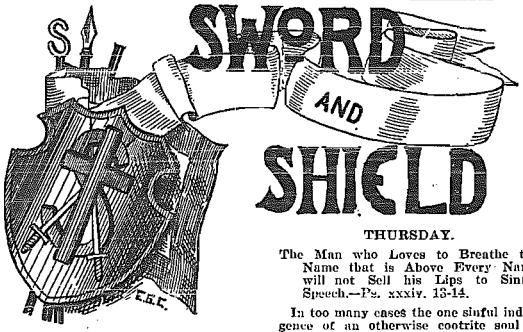
Mrs. Ensign Williams, of St. Catharines, writes of our latest opening in this branch of the work: "We had a beautiful meeting in the jail. Mother Florence was at the first meeting we had, and they were very much pleased to have us come. They wept most bitterly, and promised to be good. They were so glad to see us, and so ready to get the Cry."

* * * *

Every day brings us glad news of blessing conveyed by the comrades of the Red Cross.

"The Life of John Read."

The Montreal Witness, after reviewing the book, says: "The perusal of his biography will doubtless prove a blessing and inspiration to every one who reads it. The biography is written by Mrs. Read, wife of the subject, and it reveals as well as words can, some of the sweetness of Christian home-life, as well as of stirring character and faithful devotion to a noble cause."



Weekly Watchword:

More Love to God, More Hatred of Sin.

"Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave."

DAILY TONIC

SUNDAY.

Love for God and the World Cannot Exist in the Same Heart.—Psalm xcvii. 10.

The dawn of regard for heavenly things must inevitably result in the waning of affection towards earthly and evil objects. 1st, Because God is All-Purity and cannot look upon sin. 2nd, Because sin drove the nail into the pierced hands of Calvary's Saviour. 3rd, Because love for good cannot take root and increase in the heart without it bringing forth a natural and growing abhorrence of evil. Therefore, in proportion to the way in which a soul yearns for dubious things may be reckoned the flaw in his devotion to the Divine.

MONDAY.

How Some Loud-Sounding Professions are Given the Lie.—II. Tim. ii. 19.

There is nothing more pitiful to every true saint, more grievious to the heart of Jesus, and more amusing to the devil, than a tongue loud in good protestations allied to feet that make no move out of the ways of sin. Such a hybrid spectacle is the world's greatest confusion; its effect is not to be feared by any agency of evil. The seeds of God's truth are not thus sown in the world, but by those whose open confession of life outrans that made by their lips.

TUESDAY.

The Soul's Most Healthy Symptom is Disgust for Sin.—Romans xii. 9.

Open hostilities towards sin are far more reliable indicators of the inward serenity of the soul than an attitude of harmony which has been bought by harmlessness. There is only one object towards which the Christian is justified feeling any animosity, and that is sin. Some people avoid evil because of the consequences which it entails, because they want to keep in with good people, and preserve a standing sufficiently respectable to ensure business prosperity. Some people avoid evil because they hate it as the enemy of God and the destroyer of the souls of men, and this is the position which it pleases God for us to take up.

WEDNESDAY.

A Wholesome Fear of Evil.—Ps. ci. 3.

There are times when to run away is the bravest thing a man can be. That is misnamed courage which induces a soul to venture and linger as near the edge of evil's precipice as he can step without absolutely going over. Sin is too powerful an opponent of righteousness to be played with. Let us avoid close contact with it whenever possible, with a dread as for a deadly and insidious poison; when for others' sake we have to come up with it, as did Christian with Apollyon, let us, as he did, permit the foe no question of quarter.

THURSDAY.

The Man who Loves to Breathe the Name that is Above Every Name will not Sell his Lips to Sinful Speech.—Ps. xxxiv. 13-14.

In too many cases the one sinful indulgence of an otherwise cootrite soul is an unguarded tongue. Unkind, unnecessary and foolish talking are all incompatible with thorough sanctification. How many people have let the devil in through their lips, for the tongue cannot wear the semblance of sin without its nature penetrating the heart. Speech is either the servant of righteousness, or the slave of iniquity.

FRIDAY.

Do Something More Active for Right That the Mere Avoidance of Wrong.—Ps. xxxiv. 16.

To leave the side of evil without at once enlisting in the armies of good is to take the first step backwards into the ranks of death. To come out from sin is a powerful expression of the soul's convictions of right, but a far more powerful and one that is calculated to do more damage to the agencies of evil is aggressive effort to build up the strongholds of the Kingdom of God. If we believe in the deadly influences of sin we shall do all in our power to counteract them by strengthening the forces of good. This is a far more effectual remedy than a mere attack upon the evil.

SATURDAY.

The Eternal Recompense of Separation from Sin.—I Thess. iii. 13.

This life is the preparation for another. Characters to be crowned in eternity are made in time. In proportion to the measure in which we have separated ourselves from sin unto righteousness, and avowedly and practically fought for Heaven against the forces of hell, we shall partake of that inherent purity of nature which is the very atmosphere of the Celestial country. God keep us unblameable here, that we may be found perfect in holiness there.

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

The Sermon on the Mount.

Luke vi. 20-31.

Here we have God's opinion as to who are truly happy. This is invaluable to us as His followers. For we should learn to take His standard in all things affecting either heart or work.

The world is full of false ideas about the source and attainment of happiness. It spends its congratulations and vents its envy upon those whose circumstances have been smiled on by the fickle fortunes of earthly prosperity. Happy are the rich, the famous, the great, the admired, cries the world, whereas some of those whose abilities and possessions most entitle them to these terms are amongst the most miserable of mortals. For clasp of gold and glitter of pleasure, blare of flattery and tumult of applause can do after all but little to satisfy the inner craving of a heart formed to feed on the sweets of Heaven. The painted pleasure of the world are but as gauze, whose transient curtain sooner or later must reveal the bitter which lies behind the sweet, the aching void of unrest and approaching despair created by the most dazzling temporal allurements.

Now let us look at whom God says are favored. The worlding may well start back aghast at the onset, for the list comprises those characteristics which he has hitherto deemed most unfortunate. Poverty, hunger, sorrow, reproach, the endurers of such are singled out in this sacred category as the blessed of the earth, and once again we realize that God seeth not as men, and that His Kingdom is indeed not of this world.

Adversity, affliction, pain and unpopularity are often the outcome of devotion to the Cross and espousal to its cause. As such they are in God's sight as crowns, and will shine as such in the revealing light of the morning. Nor is the sufferer for Christ's sake without blessed recompense in this life. There was never a cross lifted, a sneer braved, a loss suffered for the sake of Calvary which did not bring down upon the head of the faithful the conscious smile of God, and into the heart of such the deeper soul rest of satisfaction. Then we cannot overlook that suffering has often been the sign of God's love—of His favor, rather than of His displeasure. How many choicest spirits have been found in the valleys of affliction proving that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"?

Following the picture of the blessed comes one of the cursed. It is a dark one. We learn as we look upon it how shadowed are some hearts and lives, reckoned by the world to be most brilliant in gift and grace. God does not regard the possession of wealth, the presence of gaiety, or the favor of men as evidences of joy, but rather of woe, for without His will all else is vanity.

The last few verses of our lesson this week direct the attitude which the Christian should take up towards his enemies. Blessing for cursing, good for evil—this is God's ideal. To reach up to it we must have hearts filled with the same love that took our Saviour through the smiting scourging, and nailing of the unjust judgment hall, and infinite agonies of Calvary.

SANCTIFIGUMPTION.

"What you want, brethren," said a colored preacher, waving his arms wildly to emphasize his words, "what you want is sanctifigumption! Get sanctifigumption, if you don't get nothing else!"

"Gumption" may not be the dictionary word. We have not consulted the dictionary to see. Among us boys it meant something of the nature of "mother wit"—of good common sense. Now, we agree with the aforesaid colored man in thinking that a judicious admixture of sanctity and gumption—or, in brief, sanctifigumption—is a most excellent thing. The lack of it has done so much harm. Oh, for sanctified common sense in doctrine, in experience, in testimony, in life. Sanctifigumption is a very good and expressive word indeed. Pass it along where it may happen to be abundantly needed.—Christian Standard.

CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN.

The Opening Shot of the Anniversary Campaign

THE DISTRICT OFFICERS HAVE THEIR FLING.

"I don't suppose many here will get blessed much to-night. We are met here to get ourselves ready for the blessings coming on." Thus our beloved Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, at the opening meeting of our Seventeenth Birthday gathering. Time, Saturday night, October, 7th; place, Jubilee Hall, Toronto. Nevertheless for once the Colonel, who is credited with a level head, made a miscalculation, for by general consent and acclamation the reception meeting to the incoming D. O's simply overflowed with blessing to all. In the language of the fashionable wedding column, "there were also present at the reception" all the P. O's, from Brigadier Sharp, of Newfoundland, to Brigadier Howell, of the Pacific. To these add Headquarters' Staff, many D. O's, more F. O's, lots of soldiers, and a crowd of friends and regular attendants, and you will understand how full the hall was. The Colonel was in one of his happiest moods, and in truth we all wore our birthday face. Just think of it! Seventeen years old! The heyday of youth! The picture of health! As merry as a marriage bell, and still growing!

We must record the finding of a new poet. Ensign Orchard, of "Palmerston District Messenger" fame is the culprit, and of no mean order. His birthday solo contained real merit, and the "windmill" accompaniment of his arms would have blanketed the Shamro—but don't let us bring yachting phrases into this report, please. We must draw on the Ensign again when we require more effusions.

The Colonel called upon some of the D. O's to have a word with us. Adjt. Coombs spoke of his first meeting with the Army 14 years ago, and Adjt. Cameron reviewed his 13 years' of S. A. service. Staff-Capt. Burditt has evidently a warm place in the hearts of his old Temple soldiers and friends, for he received quite an ovation. Ensign Ward sang to us, and "Bishop" Blackburn, of the diocese of Windsor, the hero of 18 years of Salvation warfare, was granted five minutes only. This was wisdom on the part of the Colonel, for we all know the Adjutant's volubility when an opportunity presents itself. Oh, what a happy time we had!

The Colonel gave a hot exhortation on "Awake, thou that sleepest," and made it evident that right at the start of the Anniversary meetings we are after souls, and are not waiting for some extra "steam" from the councils to get ourselves warmed up. The spirit of the prayer meeting was excellent, and although many had to leave to find their billet, and there was a continual coming and going, two souls made their way to the Cross, and, we believe, got converted. There is abundant satisfaction in the fact that though many prophesied the death of the Army years and years ago, and some few are even now under the impression that the old-time life and enthusiasm have departed from our ranks, their surmises are not borne out by the facts. Hallelujah, the Army lives, and the Army's God lives, and we shall not be confounded! We might also add that in keeping with the spirit of the day, we are experiencing "a growing time." Lord, help us on faster than ever.

C. A.

Sunday Morning, "The Old Man."

There was a very good turnout to the open-air and indoor meetings on Sunday morning. The reputation of Colonel Jacobs for leading a holiness meeting was fully sustained. The Colonel's address was unique, bringing out the difference between THE Old Man and OUR Old Man—the devil and the flesh. It acted doubtlessly as an eye-opener to many who in the past have found it convenient to blame the devil for the faults in their own flesh. The description of the old man's physique was striking. Of course, the Colonel illustrated his talk by several good anecdotes, a monkey story among them. A goodly number of pointed truths were forced home. God bless the Colonel.

Miss Booth's Addresses.

EXCELLENT CROWDS — SUPERB MUSIC — NURSERY CHOIR—"THE SONG OF THE CITY"—A BABY DEDICATED—IN THE GARDEN—"LOVES SUNSET" — ROCK OF AGES — A ROW OF PENITENTS.

Sunday Afternoon, "The Song of the City."

Much has been said and more written as to the probable appearance of Heaven. Silvered speech has described it, gifted pens have portrayed it, and even brush of genius has not hesitated to sketch in dreams of its beauteous outlines. But of the melody of Heaven, that celestial commingling of voices which can never know discord or jar, there has been less attempt at conjecture. Beyond casual allusions to "harps of gold" and the "song of Moses and the Lamb," audible suppositions have been rare.

It is not therefore surprising that when the posters announced as the title of Miss Booth's Sunday afternoon address "The Song of the City," there was some bewilderment both as to the city and the song, and not everyone had foretold the topic as the music of Heaven. Before the meeting closed there were some who felt like avowing it a foretaste of that Land to have been there.

The Pavilion was packed. Every seat of its spacious area and circling gallery was occupied, the top balcony was beseiged, and the doors hidden by a crowd eagerly holding on to the only alternative—standing room. The platform presented a particularly cheerful and inspiring appearance. The seven Provincial Officers made a solid phalanx on the left. The Staff Band, brass and string, were in possession of the right, while the remaining space was more than filled to overflowing by the Headquarters and Field Staff, and a special choir of picked voices, who had been told off to lead in the singing. A hallelujah radiance cast the smile of our seventeenth birthday over all faces, which seemed indeed to be infectious, and to communicate itself to the audience, amongst whom the bobbing bonnet and irrepressible countenance of Mother Florence were cheerfully from time to time conspicuous.

Had it been announced as a thanksgiving service the evidence of holy gratitude could scarcely have been stronger. The "Glory to God" that burst from Staff-Capt. Mantor's lips swelled up in every heart. We have seldom heard that lifting old song, "Jesus paid it all," sung more tunefully.

But the Commissioner is in her seat, or rather has been there, for the nervous energy of our Territorial Leader is such that it permits her scantiest rest on the platform or off it. Now all eyes are focussed as she pulls her harp towards her, and every ear is strained to catch the sweet-voiced syllables of an old, yet ever new, song, with the ringing chorus, "I'm going to see Jesus up there." The tears which fell during its singing, and they were not a few, were not all of grief; we fancy some of them sprang from the fountain where tender memories and holy anticipations blend.

The song over, the Bible replaces the strings in the Commissioner's hand, and from one of the Revelation utterances she calls the keynote for "The Song of the City."

The first impression which her words have upon the crowd is an increased sense of the value and importance of music. Turning to her favorite analogy, the speaker finds the varying vibrations of Nature's melody. We hear it thrilling in the song of the wind through the swaying trees, we catch its murmur in the washing waves on the sounding seashore, and from the throat of forest voicelings we were arrested by the high, clear lead of their soprano. Despairing to reproduce the word pictures that are being painted for our ears to read, we pass on to the Commissioner's next point, which weighs and finds wanting the music of the world. Herein is its weakness, declares our leader, likening it to the tunefulness of the harp—its strings go down, and what has produced melody brings forth discord.

Penitence the Commissioner claims as the first rung in that ladder of soul harmony which has its end in the skies. Beauty in a tear and music in a sigh captivates heaven's ears, when they are prompted by sorrow for the sinful past and longing for a forgiven future.

Forgiveness is naturally the next note in the Commissioner's chord. As she sets it vibrating she declares this the source of the joy which makes the Christian careless of earth's pastimes. "Why," cries the Commissioner, "I am the happiest creature that ever was born, or ever will be!

"What are you going to do with your failings? No," growing more emphatic, "leave failings alone this afternoon. What are you going to do with your sins? Don't cover them—the spade of the judgment will dig them up. Don't hide them—God keeps their records. Don't forget them—David said, 'If I forget . . then I fear for all my sorrow.' Don't say that they are not half so black as somebody else's—others' iniquities are poor comfort when you've got both your feet in the damp, cold gravel of the grave.

Note No. III. Triumphant in death, and we feel hearts respond in answering throbs as we listen to the same song sung from martyrs' lips, sung from lingering dying couches, sung amidst the flames, sung amidst torture, ignominy—everything that would suggest discord and distress, sung as one man sang it with parched lips, while clapping hands of flame, "Beautiful to die with Jesus."

The Song of the City—no mystery about its meaning now. As the Commissioner spoke of the way we should sing it there, even those who had only been able to bring out discord here, longed to hear it, and hallowed resolves declared they would.

Then—a surprise. Up go crossed flags—the yellow, red, and blue united to a plain white one with "Given to God," in red letters upon it, a white-robed infant is ushered in and the nursery choir step forward. The crowd is rivetted; it is getting late, but who could leave while Willie, Pearl and Winnie are prefacing a brief dedication service with "I think when I read." In the foreground the tiny, white figures kneeling with tight shut eyes and clasped hands to lisp "Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go," and the Commissioner, whose love for little children makes them always look welcome in her arms, with the flags and sombre uniform in the background, made a sweet, we had almost said a sacred, little picture. The solemn promises of the Army Dedication Service that followed for little Evangeline Faith Stanyon, made a fitting close to a unique and wonderful service.

Sunday Night, "Love's Sunset."

There was undoubtedly again a shade of mystery in the announcement, nor did the preliminaries of the Sunday night's meeting altogether disperse it. The crystal-white platform, with plant and shrub and background vista of shaded foliage, presenting a strangely rural aspect, was not at once connective with the prayer meeting which Lieut.-Colonel Margetts was energetically leading. Our Commissioner, in Oriental garb, and with direct salvation truth to declare, was the link which united this unusual scene to one far back in this old world's history. Her theme was the tragedy of sin's entrance into Eden, which she described as the romance of three worlds. Under Love's Coronation, her first point, the Commissioner spoke of the perfection of Paradise, whose splendor of loving gifts was so bountiful that no heart or mind could suggest anything to add to its beauty. Love's Separation was her next thought. "Ah," cried the Commissioner, as she proclaimed it, "I feel I could dislocate my fingers with the wringing of my hands to think that there was ever a separation found for Love. Th illing'y the story of the fall was portrayed. How

Eve looked upon that which was forbidden until the forbidden was in her hand and in her mouth, proving as she stooped to sin that no matter upon what pinnacle the soul may have been lifted by God's grace and abundant love, sin will bring it down. The consequences of love's separation were declared. How thorns sprang behind the rose, flowers learned how to fade, harmless beasts to snarl and bite, the heavens to gather clouds, the winds to howl and hiss, and sun—Love's sun—how to set, leaving the skies blushing with shame. "It has never been God's way to give us everything," applied the Commissioner. "There is with us all some treasure which is perhaps placed within our reach, but not by God's will placed within our life. There are plenty of other things to be contented with. Don't let us go after the forbidden of God."

The Commissioner next spoke to us on Love's Depredation, and showed how our first parents robbed God in the first act of evil. People say it isn't much, but they forget to look at the long, terrible train of consequences following. Sin is a long chain, and one link drags on all the death and misery and degradation to which it is linked. If we want to discover the full consequence of that one act in the Garden, we shall have to throw open all the prison doors, and bring out all the guilty; open all the hospital doors, and bring out all the diseased; open all the asylums, and bring out all the wretchedness of intellect overthrown; open all the graves, and bring out all the dead; open the lost world, and display all the damned!" Here followed a scathing denunciation of the sin of theft, equally condemning in the defrauder as in the robber, and the Commissioner spoke of a lawyer who had winnowed some widow's portion. "God Almighty's woes travel faster than that lawyer's feet, and they're after him,' cried our leader amid a burst of spontaneous and indignant applause. We have only space to mention Love's Visitation, which was aptly designated a "broken heart." Things that are sweet at the start can be bitter at the close was the lesson stamped upon the consciences of the crowd, and here came the illustration of the drunkard drinking to friends, drinking to pleasure, drinking to prosperity, at the outset, but ere long drinking to a broken-hearted wife, drinking to a despoiled home, drinking to a defamed name, drinking to a wrecked life, drinking to a degraded grave, drinking to his own everlasting damnation. It would have been a sad story but for the last scene—Love's Restoration—and here, while the Commissioner told the story of Calvary's sacrifice, which made even for a ruined world a way back, the foliage scenes were drawn aside, and a rough, mountain-like rock disclosed, upon which glistened a pure white cross, while from a hidden orchestra of vibrating strings there came the strains of

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Intense feeling swept over the crowd, conviction, already quickened by the Commissioner's words, sank deeper. The prayer meeting that followed was a spiritual blaze—fifteen sin-separated-souls sought Love's restoration.

The P. O's. Night.

The Chief Secretary Welcomes the Seven Wise Men of Canada to the Councils.

A NIGHT OFF.

The General Secretary's official program denotes the Monday's meeting as follows: "The Chief Secretary will conduct Magnificent Welcome Demonstration at 8 p.m. P. O's will deliver Special Addresses."

There is no doubt about the addresses being not only "special," but also quite spontaneous and unique. The major key of merriment run through all speeches, more or less pronounced, and it was altogether a happy time, or, what our western friends would call "a hot number."

A MAGNIFICENT MARCH.

The meeting was preceded by three huge open-airs, which were gathered up by two bands—the Staff and Temple Band—and marched back, four deep, to the Temple. The march was certainly a splendid affair; officers, bandsmen and soldiers had turned out in full force, and both bands played beautifully, arousing much comment among onlookers.

The Colonel was vigorously applauded when he rose to give out the first song:

"We are sweeping through the land.
With the sword of God in hand."

After prayer by Mrs. Read and Major Southall, Brigadier Pugmire sang

AN ANNIVERSARY SOLO.

Not only Ensigns Orchard and Ward had their specially-composed solo for the Anniversary, but Major Collier also had one made to order for the Brigadier to sing. It was very good and made special reference to every P. O., hitting off some of their bright characteristics.

The Chief, in short, welcomed the Provincials to Toronto in his unique and pointed manner. He also allowed each speaker six minutes for his address.

The Staff Band played "The Maple Leaf," and the officers took up the chorus right willingly:

"We're marching on, we're marching on.
We're marching on together;
God bless our Army round the world
And keep us true for ever."

THE MONTREAL MONITOR.

Major Hargrave, whose Province has the largest population, was the first called upon to speak. He was there, he said, to meet and greet old friends and to report upon the war. Having been only a few months in his Province, he had but few grand advances to speak of but he could say that there was no retreating in East Ontario and Quebec, and there was a sign of abundance of rain. Many souls were seeking salvation and the reports reaching him were most encouraging. Especially did he rejoice over the advances made in some places which had been hard for years past. He gave one instance, where he had arranged a little officers' council in the District centre and rejoiced in 13 souls seeking salvation in two nights. He also gave the case of the Napanee difficulty, which we will report in full in next week's edition, in connection with an interview with the Major. The Major spoke 8 min. 15 sec., being 2 min. 15 sec. over his allotted time.

THE LONDON LUMINARY.

Major Southall, the illustrious orator of West Ontario, next took the platform. The hearty applause given him he attributed to the fact that the audience know a good thing when they see it. His Province was the Banner Province of the Dominion, and his officers the best this side the Atlantic. He laid further stress upon the fact that the W. O. P. had, in spite of their successes, not grown proud nor useless, but that the old-style S. A. fishing tackle is still good enough for them, illustrating this point by an anecdote.

The Major spoke of the soul-saving work as going on steadily, and gave a case in point of the class of converts made. This was an old Scotchman, who, as a poor drunkard, sought the Saviour at our penitent form, and found Him truly. He gave the best evidence of his sound conversion by collecting $10 for Harvest Festival from his former acquaintances. In one of his testimonies this was said, "The Lord behaved Himself very well." The Major spoke 10 min. 20 sec., 4 min. 20 sec. over his time. There was no pay for overtime.

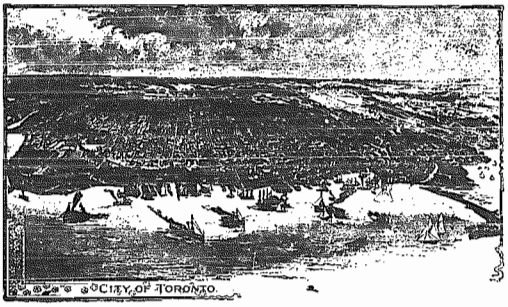
THE PRAIRIE PRINCIPAL.

Major McMillan, of Winnipeg, opened his remarks with an emphatic affirmation that souls are being saved and that he has enrolled many soldiers. He could report victory. He had the noblest band of officers, and could state that during the past year he had not one deserter. He also referred to the increased emigration to the North-West and his prospective openings in the Dauphin country. He quietly told the officers that he would treat them well if they would come West. The Major speech was within time, having occupied only 5 min. 30 sec., therefore he rose again and claimed the remaining 30 sec. to state that his son, John McMillan, who has been recently promoted to the rank of Staff-Captain, is doing well in Australia and sends his love to his old Canadian friends, for whom he has a warm spot in his heart.

THE CENTRAL CICERO.

If the preceding speakers made their individual records, their efforts to place their Province and all that it holds in the most conspicuous light of glory, paled before the sweeping assertion of Brigadier Gaskin. He stated that the Central had had so many great victories that he could neither see the East nor the West, both were blotted out for him. Major McMillan told the officers that he would look well after them if they would come out West. He would tell the Major that the Central Ontario officers were capable of looking after themselves. (Laughter.) There were no flies on the Central C. O's. (This statement called forth vociferous applause, and shouts of "Too late in the season," "You're not sweet enough.") He was pleased to announce that during the past year he had made an increase of 217 soldiers and 67 local officers, and that officers and soldiers were in better working trim than ever. The Brigadier was only 50 sec. over his time.

(Continued on page 12.)



View of Toronto from the Bay.
Central Ontario Province.

THE NEW CITY HALL, TORONTO, ONT.
The S. A. Temple is situated across the street from the far corner, at the right.

CORPS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Devil Hit in Thirty-two Places.

SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS

OR,

The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

Although unmarked by any startling developments, a review of the week's intelligence shows that it has not been without progress. Seventy-seven souls are reported in the following corps messages, and although in this is included the four weeks' total of one station, from the indefinite accounts which speak of souls saved without giving the number, we may safely judge that the spiritual increase has been a substantial one.—|—The growing importance and usefulness of our Naval and Military League is to the front. The young leader of the eight soldier specials, mentioned in a Bermuda report, who, although only saved fifteen months, conducts two meetings a week, and the other Queen's soldier who walked 28 miles to play for mandoline at an Army musical meeting, proves the stuff they are made of.—|—The reading-room which has been opened for young men by the combined energies of Staff-Capt. Galt and Capt. Juhlin, at Victoria, is a step in the right direction. No wonder the Lieut.-Governor, the Mayor and other leading citizens manifested their interest in an institution so likely to benefit the city.—|—Local circumstances have been seized as an opportunity to hold special meetings at the following places: The Exhibition in Ottawa, a double wedding in Seal Cove, Nfld., the visits of the Financial Specials to several Canadian corps, and even the renovating of the barracks at Bear River, where the soldiers have rallied bravely from house to house, and had splendid times.—|—The Salvation onslaught on a saloon at Parry Sound is a credit to Capt. and Mrs. Hanna. We echo their prayer, "God save the saloon keeper," whose courteous kindness has permitted their meetings in his barroom.—|—The sick list this week is not a long one. We are sorry to see it headed by Adjt. Hendricks, who had her shoulder broken in an accident on an electric car.—|—Our sympathies are with our comrades at Great Falls, all public meetings having been suspended by civic authority, on account of the small pox epidemic now raging in that town.—|—Finances find a little place in this week's news beyond the record of several corps smashing their H. F. target, and the splendid week-night open-air collections of Spokane, amounting sometimes to $6.—|—More than half the spiritual results are indicated as the return of backsliders, the most notable being an ex-Sergt.-Major, at Somerset, Ber. A. L. P.

PACIFIC.

Brigadier Howell, Provincial Officer.

28 CORPS.

SPOKANE.—Adjt. and Mrs. Ayre have just taken charge of our corps. Nine people have been to Christ, some of them real good cases. The friends here are very practical in their sympathy, twice during the week the open-air offering has reached nearly $6. Sin is the only blight to this beautiful city.—Yours hoping to win the lost, R. C.

VICTORIA is still going ahead. Crowds improving. We have opened a new reading-room for young men, and it looks fine. Staff-Capt. Galt has worked very hard to make it a success. Capt. Juhlin has been at it night and day, cleaning up, kalsomining, painting, etc. Thursday was the opening day. Lieut.-Governor McInnes took the chair. Mayor Redfern and nearly all the ministers of the city present, also Mrs. Jordan Grant. Each spoke of the need of a reading-room for young men in this Western Province. Mrs. Herbert Kent and Mr. J. G. Brown sang, also Staff-Capt. Galt. The meeting was a success in every way, and we sincerely hope the reading room may be a blessing to many. The young men of Victoria have a place where they can go and write home. Plenty of paper, pens, ink, etc are to be had free, in a large, well-lighted, cheery room.—M. L.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—We have had a visit from Adjt. McGill and his bride. God bless them. They looked to be very happy. Then Adjt. Smith, who came down from Fort Simpson to see that his old friend, McGill, got properly tied up, went with a sad heart. Staff-Capt. Galt has also been around this city. She also was at a wedding; and last, but not least, souls have been coming to God and getting saved, which makes our hearts rejoice more than over ninety and nine bachelors getting married.—B. Norman, R. C.

MISSOULA.—Captains Southall and Scott came last Friday. We gave them a hearty welcome, both of them having been stationed here before. Captain Southall remains in charge. We had with us Ensign Staigers and his magic lantern. Everybody well pleased. Adjt. Stevens, from Spokane, with us over Sunday. Good meetings.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.—Two backsliders returned during the week. On Sunday a grand turnout for knee-drill and the marches. The Bible Class, started by our new officer, Ensign Cummins, has already proved to be a blessing. We are going in to study the word of God with all our heart. We had our D. Sergt. with us, Bro. Toombs, for a short stay. He is full to brim with testimony to God's saving and keeping power.—R. C.

GREAT FALLS.—We have enjoyed some beautiful soul-saving meetings right along, but, to our sorrow, we can have no more for at least two weeks, as authorities have prohibited any public meetings or gatherings, on account of the many cases of small pox in the city. I love the War Cry exceedingly, and wish I had a dollar for every one I've sold. Just now, of course, with this epidemic, Cry selling is rather difficult. The people here love the Army, but they don't take the Army's advice and get saved as fast as we would like.—G. Ericson.

KAMLOOPS.—Sergt.-Major Lloyd has been relieved of his charge, Lieut. Nesbitt, of Kaslo, being now the officer in charge. Brigadier Howell paid us a visit during H. F. Our genial Brigadier and his Welsh natural air are always welcome to Kamloops. The only and original Ensign Staigers also dropped into our little bay, with his picture gallery, but owing to something having gone wrong with the works, could not exhibit.—Joe McGee, C. C.

Adjt. and Mrs. Wiggins, Barrie, Ont.

EAST.

Major Pickering, Provincial Officer.

54 CORPS.

BERMUDA. — In a report from Greenspond, headed, "She came for fun," I see that one brother was said to have walked over four miles to be present at the meeting. What about one of our military comrades here who walked 28 miles, all told, in one day, to play a mandoline at a musical meeting, rather than disappoint the Captain? It is a very common thing for this comrade to walk 10 or 12 miles each way to attend the meetings at Somerset or elsewhere. —Observer.

PAGET WEST, Ber.—On Thursday we had eight Naval and Military Leaguers, who are now at Warwick, undergoing their annual course of musketry. On Sunday we had the Leaguers with us again. Although young converts, our soldiers and comrades spoke of the power of God, and we pray for them that they may be a light that will shine before others, both inside a barracks room and outside. The leader has only been saved fifteen months, but is already a power for God. He is leading two meetings a week for the short time he has to stay in Bermuda.—C. H. J., R. C.

ST. GEORGE'S, Ber.—Capt. Welch, from the Somerset corps, was with us for Saturday and Sunday. Comrades all glad to see her, also everybody in St. George's. We had the joy of seeing two backsliders kneeling at the penitent form crying for mercy.—M. C. C.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.—Harvest Festival a grand success. We went over our target, $50, reaching the sum of $62. Our soldiers worked hard. Monday was the auction sale of goods and an ice cream social. Treas. Wise acted as auctioneer. Hall was full of people. Everything sold out. The people of Newcastle are beautiful givers, and believe in the Flag.—Lieut. M. A. Meikle, for Capt. A. B. Jackson.

SOMERSET, Ber.—On Sunday our old friend, Lieut. Hinson, with us all day. In the afternoon one backslider, an ex-Sergt.-Major, came back to Christ. At night another soul stepped into liberty.—E. C. Harrison.

IRELAND ISLAND (Outpost), Ber.—Since last report God has blessed our meetings. On Monday night one soul decided for Christ.—C. E. Harrison.

ST. STEPHEN.—During the summer months the attendance at our inside meetings has been small, but we have had some good open-airs. Last Saturday night one backslider crying to God for mercy, and last night in soldiers' meeting, another wanderer from the fold came back by way of the penitent form, and before the close of the meeting was dancing for joy, around the hall, with one of the comrades.—A soldier.

HALIFAX I.—Last Sunday we had a glorious day and souls were saved. Some said the knee-drill was the best hallelujah breakfast they ever attended. Three came out at the holiness meeting for the blessing of a clean heart. In the afternoon free-and-easy one soul sought salvation. At night we had the joy of seeing six precious souls seeking salvation. Soldiers from Yarmouth and Charlottetown, P. E. I., were with us. We finished up with a hallelujah dance. A man gave his testimony in the prayer meeting and said that he travelled from the Pacific to Halifax, and this was the liveliest prayer meeting he ever attended. —One who was there.

BEAR RIVER, N. S.—We are holding meetings from house to house while our barracks is undergoing repairs, alterations and improvements. God has had hold of the reins, and four precious souls have been won. We look forward to the time when our house is finished and expect a mighty outpouring of God's spirit. I suppose I will be pardoned for saying that I am proud of Major Pickering's achievement. We have three boomers here who are doing all they can to push the Cry. (Cheers from B. E.—Ed.)—Sec.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Brigadier Sharp, Provincial Officer.

48 CORPS.

SEAL COVE, Fortune Bay.—After being in an open boat for over 12 hours the D. O., with Capt. Janes, of Grand Bank, reached our midst. The next night the attraction was a double wedding. A nice crowd gathered and in the prayer meeting one man knelt at the Mercy Seat, giving up an old pipe and some French Twist. Afterwards the happy couples, with their friends, sat down to supper. Next day dinner and supper were provided by one of the couples, and the third day a feast by the other, when six lambs were taken from the flock. Five people knelt at the penitent form during the special meetings. Years ago at a time like this there would have been a lot of the wrong kind of spirits, but things have changed completely round since the advent of the S. A. May God bless Bro. and Sister Loveless and J. and Mrs. Langdown.—Skipper.

NEW HARBOR.—The progress made in one month is as follows: 21 Seniors and 12 Juniors saved; 18 Seniors and 8 Juniors enrolled; H. F. target hit; War Crys sold out every week.—Bennett and Ford.

HANT'S HARBOR.—Two souls since since last report. Some of our soldiers welcomed home from the Labrador fisheries. Victory in our H. F. We believe when the potatoes and chickens and ducks are sold off, besides the cash collected, we will smash our H. F. target. Beautiful meetings all day Sunday. At night one little girl gave God her heart.—Stella Pelly.

WEST ONTARIO.

Major Southall, Provincial Officer.

38 CORPS.

DRAYTON.—A glorious Sunday, when seven souls were brought forth out of bondage. Our Secretary danced for the first time in wonder, love and praise. —Capt. Pynn.

BLENHEIM.—Capt. Dowell thought it not good for man to live alone, so he has taken unto himself a helpmeet, in the person of Capt. Clark. Friday, social and reception meeting. Adjt. Coombs, D. O., in charge, assisted by Capt. Freeman. As the happy couple entered the barracks they were greeted with a large white motto over the platform with—"Welcome to the Bride and Groom," stamped thereon in blue letters. At the close the bride was presented with a wedding cake. Good meetings Sunday. The band did well.—Ina Groom.

THEDFORD.—Staff-Captain Phillips with us for the week-end. Opening of new barracks, built by Captain Jarvis, who is a hustler. Had good time, with lots of pie and coffee. The Staff-Captain's visit much appreciated. —T. Ford, R. C.

NORTH-WEST.

Major McMillan, Provincial Officer.

31 CORPS.

MOOSOMIN.—Since last report three souls have sought salvation. Many more under deep conviction.—Lieut. Hangen, for Capt. Pearce.

LISBON.—Capts. Mercer and Glover farewelled September 16th, and the following Friday we welcomed to our corps Capt. Brengseer, under whose command we are anticipating many victories.—Cora Russell, R. C.

LETHBRIDGE.—Four days' special meetings conducted by Ensign Perry. Great interest was manifested at his Friday night's lecture on the Indian work, when attired in Eastern garb, he ate curry and rice on the platform. On

Sunday night our hall was packed to hear the service of song, entitled "The Condemned Cell," assisted by the graphophone. Sunday's meetings were A 1. Five souls for the week-end, and largest march since opening of corps.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

EAST ONTARIO.

Major Hargrave, Provincial Officer.

45 CORPS.

OTTAWA.—Exhibition week in Ottawa brought thousands of people to the Imperial City. Of course the Salvation Army seized the opportunity of putting forth special efforts in the interests of the Kingdom. We were nobly assisted by Ensign Pugh and Capt. and Mrs. Baird with little Myrtle (of American fame). Some special meetings were held through the day and public meetings every night, bandsmen and soldiers turning out well. Finances and spiritual results were good. We regretted the absence of Adjt. Hendricks (our leader), also Mrs. Ensign Pugh, owing to an accident which occurred on an electric car that week. Both of them were badly bruised, and Adjt. Hendricks' arm was broken at the shoulder. They are recovering, feeling thankful that the injuries were not more serious.—N. McNaney, Capt.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—Ensign Parker, with his graphophone and magic lantern, to the front. A good meeting held at N. Danville. Special meetings last week. Mrs. Ensign Sims visited us from Sherbrooke, with Capt. Banks, of Newport. On Thursday we had an S. A. picnic at Bro. Goodchild's, which everyone seemed to enjoy, and on Thursday evening we had a successful musical meeting, conducted by Mrs. Sims.—E. Story, Cor.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Brigadier Gaskin, Provincial Officer.

45 CORPS.

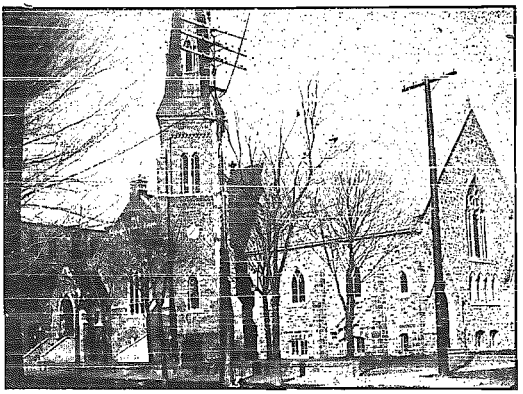
SOCIAL FARM.—Good time Sunday with Lieut. Colonel Margetts and wife. At night an intelligent, well-educated man expressed his avowal to lead a different life by coming forward to the chair. There are but three private soldiers here now, counting two recruits in; but our God is almighty.—Chas. Goodn.

GRAVENHURST.—Sunday, holiness meeting, a heart searching time. One backslider came back to the fold.—E. Weeks, Capt., M. Paxton, Lieut.

BARRIE.—We have had a visit from Ensign Burrows. The week-end meetings have been times of blessing and power. Capt. White, late of Newmarket, ably assisted. The Sisters Dyer did well in disposing of a large number of War Crys this week. That will cheer poor Nigger's heart.—William Lewis, Capt.

BARRY SOUND.—We have enjoyed many open-air privileges during the summer, which are now considerably lessened by the cold weather and storms. On Friday night we had our meeting spoiled by a poor drunken man, who cursed and made quite a row. However, the next Friday the hotel-keeper invited us to lead a meeting in the bar-room and we had a blessed time. Last Friday it was raining hard and the hotel-keeper gave us a large sitting-room for a meeting, keeping order himself. The attendance was good, ditto the collection, and the War Crys all sold. We are asked to lead meetings there every week. God save the hotel-keeper. Souls are getting saved. The drunkard drinks no more. Three happy weeks he has been shouting and praising God. No more distilled damnation and tobacco for him. He says the devil does not like it. But God is being glorified. Hallelujah! Mrs. Captain Hanna.

Baptist Church, Collingwood.

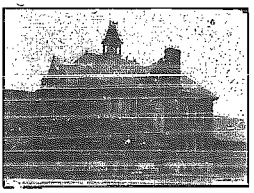


Grace Methodist Church, Gananoque.

GANANOQUE

AND ITS S. A. GUNNERS

Gananoque is a flourishing town possessing good water-power, and fast growing into popular favor as a summer resort. It is about the centre of the world-renowned Thousand Islands, and one of the prettiest little spots on the banks of the St. Lawrence River. The population is about 6,000, and extensive manufacturing is done here. We have four churches besides the S. A., namely, Methodist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Anglican. The Salvation Army has some very warm friends here. It was said that the General received here the best reception of any place along the line on his visit about five years ago.



Gananoque High School.

The officers in charge of the corps at present are Capt. Owen and Cadet Weir. We have had some blessed times of late; souls have been saved and sanctified. We had no difficulty in smashing our H. F. target, realizing ten dollars more than the previous year. Collecting for H. F. here is very interesting, as the most of it is collected from the tourists at the Summer Hotels among the Islands.

Travelling by row boat, sail boat, and steamer, the scenery is magnificent. On one of my collecting trips, I take the steamer Island Wanderer, which takes a fifty-mile ramble among the Islands. As I go along, I am fairly enchanted with the beautiful Islands and their channels. This is indeed a very interesting trip, touching Uncle Sam's domain and Alexandria Bay, Thousand Island Park and Clayton. Yet, although Gananoque is a lovely place, and we have the magnificent Thousand Islands, I am sorry to say sin seems to have the upper hand, and with all our religious societies, there are many who never cross the threshold of a place of worship. But I thank God that in the open-air, where large crowds gather sometimes, blocking the sidewalks, and in the barracks, we can tell the sinners that there is a remedy, that Jesus can save to the uttermost, that His Blood can make the vilest clean.—Hallelujah Welshman.

Show when you are tempted to hide, and hide when you are tempted to show. Let your light shine when the temptation is to keep it under a bushel.

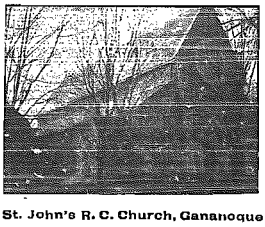
To Heaven

FROM ST. JOHNS, NFLD.

Called Home Early in Life.

Lillie Coffel was born Sept. 11th, 1880. It seems as if her inclinations from childhood were to do right, and at the age of 13, while sitting in the old No. 1 barracks listening to the living words of truth as they fell from the lips of Capt. Payne (now in Glory) Lillie, with a number of others, made her way to the Mercy Seat, gave herself to Jesus, and there and then promised to be His follower. Her father at this time being a soldier of No. 2 corps, Lillie decided that No. 2 should be her home. She gave in her name to Capt. Baldwin (now Mrs. Ensign Collier), and on April 8th, 1894, was enrolled a soldier, and donned the uniform right away.

After a few months' fighting she was commissioned J. S. Sergeant, which position she filled till death came. It seemed to be a delight for her to work with and for the children; as long as her strength would permit she attended. Her last meeting with the children was on Sunday, July 2nd, after which she was forced to stay at home. When our annual picnic came off she wanted very much to be present, so her father took her in the cab and drove her to the ground, where she seemed to enjoy herself immensely. After this she began to fail fast.



St. John's R. C. Church, Gananoque

Her last testimony was, "All is well. Jesus is mine. Tell my comrades to fight on and meet me in heaven." This testimony was given on Sunday, Sept. 17th. About ten minutes after she fell asleep in Jesus.

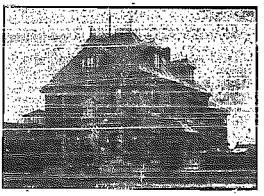
We buried her on Tuesday. The service was conducted by Brigadier Sharp. Something like 100 soldiers, with city officers, and quite a number of Juniors, met at the home, where a short but impressive service was held. From there we wended our way to the General Protestant Cemetery, where quite a number of people had assembled.

The memorial service, on the following Sunday, was conducted by Brigadier Sharp. God came very near and four precious souls accepted Jesus, one of them being a sister of our departed comrade. We are praying that she will take her stand as firmly as did dear Lillie.

We ask the prayers of our readers for the bereaved ones.—A. H.

AT THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

"One woman who has been well off in her day, and whose bringing up was certainly of a superior character, has fallen again and again, through drink. She has a determined, self-willed nature, and has been dealt with repeatedly. I have prayed with and for her over and over again, and seemingly without effect. Singularly enough, she spent the whole of the six months during which I was away at Adelaide in jail. She was discharged and came to the Shelter as usual. I took her in hand again—they may go away a hundred times and I'd still welcome the chance of dealing with them—and, thank God, she professed to get saved, and is doing well to-day. She still makes the Shelter her home, and seems never happier than when going around amongst the women and urging them to give up the drink. She goes out working every day, and wouldn't be under a compliment to anyone for a crust of bread, but she is really tender-hearted where the wants of others are concerned, and will often say, when she sees a poor soul in the Shelter who is unable to pay for her meal, "Oh, give the poor soul a cup of tea, Adjutant—I'll pay for it."

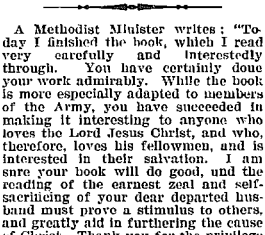


Gananoque Customs House.

AN ARMY FUNERAL.

We regret to chronicle the death of Samuel H. Corey, which event took place on Friday last at the family residence on Arthur Ave. Deceased was taken to his bed three weeks and a day before his death with an attack of brain fever followed by typhoid. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, and was in charge of the Salvation Army officers. Services were held at the family residence, after which the remains were taken to the barracks where the services were continued by Ensign McKenzie and wife, thence to North Ridge Cemetery for interment. The Essex Brass Band at the head of about a hundred members of the I. O. F. and K. O. T. M., of which orders Mr. Corey was a member, marched to the church, thence to the cemetery, playing funeral marches. A very large turnout of friends and acquaintances followed the remains to their last resting-place.—Essex Free Press.

A Methodist Minister writes: "To-day I finished the book, which I read very carefully and interestedly through. You have certainly done your work admirably. While the book is more especially adapted to members of the Army, you have succeeded in making it interesting to anyone who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and who, therefore, loves his fellowmen, and is interested in their salvation. I am sure your book will do good, and the reading of the earnest zeal and self-sacrificing of your dear departed husband must prove a stimulus to others, and greatly aid in furthering the cause of Christ. Thank you for the privilege of reading your well-arranged and very interesting 'Life of John Read.'"



St Andrew's Presbyterian Church Gananoque.

The P. O's. Night.

(Continued from page 9.)

OUR ANGLO-AMERICAN AGENT.

Diversion was introduced at this juncture by a solo from Brigadier Howell, with a good chorus:

"Jesus knows all about our struggles,"

which went well. In his address our Pacific P. O. said that after all the wonderful things said, he did not wonder that Brigadier Pugmire wanted him to give solemn affirmation to speak the truth. He referred to the minister who was called before the Court of Inquiry about his reckless manner of handling the truth. The minister admitted the truth of the accusation and stated that he had wept barrels and barrels and barrels of tears over that fault of his. (Laughter.) He stated in statistics the definite advances made in the Pacific, in soul-saving, in officer-making, in new institutions, in War Cry sales, and general attendance. He forgot in the excitement and diversion caused by a little friendly exchange of views with Major McMillan, to mention the advances made in properties, but we shall remember this omission when giving a personal interview in the next War Cry. He spoke 8 minutes, but it is only fair to state that the overtime was consumed in interruption by laughter and frequent applause.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND NUNCIO.

The very best attention was given to the speech of Brigadier Sharp, who, in stolid Scotch style, spoke as a true descendant of the covenanters. He began with, "Thanks be unto God Who always causes us to triumph." He first rejoiced in personal growth in grace and personal advancement in the knowledge of God and His love. He referred briefly to his recent visit to Scotland, where he went to see the dungeons and the stakes, where, only three hundred years ago 17,000 men and women were tortured and put to death by fire and water, because they believed in the living God and His Bible. He became freshly inspired by the visit to those historic grounds of martyrdom.

He stated that the S. A. officers and soldiers of the Island represented Unity and Victory. A little Junior Soldier who died lately in one of his corps, put, at the latest moment, her arms around her mother's neck and said, "Mother, you and I for heaven." This was the sentiment of every Salvationist of Newfoundland. Each tree is known by its fruit. The S. A. tree of the Sea-girt Island is green and bears good fruit. He enrolled 503 soldiers during 12 months, and in other respects made substantial increases which he gave in detail. His speech occupied 8 minutes, and when he was done he sat down.

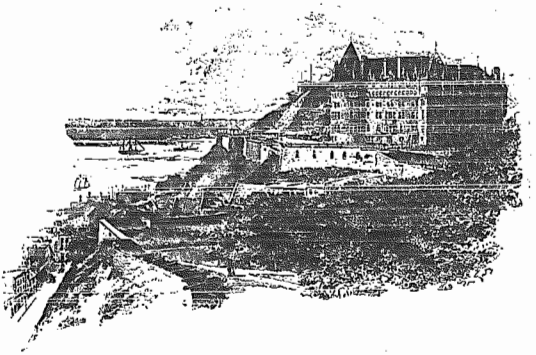
OUR EASTERN EMISSARY.

Major Pickering has been in our midst only three months, therefore the Colonel left him to the last, although the Major wondered whether the advantage of being the last speaker were not outweighed by the prolonged agony of waiting. His speech was clear and studded with friendly allusions to the preceding speakers. He reminded the audience of the fact that nearly all leading officers had had a turn in the East, and he believed that the contact with the Eastern people must have had something to do with fitting Colonel Jacobs for the Chief Secretaryship, and also helped to produce such a specimen of eloquence and oratory as Major Southall, and men with such statesmanlike capacities as Brigadier Howell.

He rejoiced over the prospect before him. During his meetings around the Province 125 souls had sought the Saviour, and the Rescue Work is going on well. He related the pathetic incident of an unfortunate girl who was recently handed over to the S. A. Rescue Home by the police authorities, who had learned to value the work of the S. A.

The Major spoke 9 minutes, but then he is not used to Canadian minutes yet.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts closed the meeting with prayer, and we felt our way home through dense fog, which is a very infrequent occurence in Toronto.



Dufferin Terrace, Quebec.
East Ontario Province.

PREVAILING PRAYER.

A farmer's wife got converted and became a zealous Christian, living close to God, in spite of her husband's persecution.

One rough winter's night he turned her out of doors, and she, like a sensible woman, instead of publishing her troubles to her neighbors, went into her chamber and prayed. Many a time she was sick at heart with his cruelties, yet hope always revived from the conviction that "with God all things are possible." So a certain time each day was set aside for secret prayer to God for the conversion of her cruel husband.

This habit she continued for a twelve-month, but with no change in her husband. She therefore resolved to continue the regular prayers for six months longer at twelve o'clock every day.

Time passed, and the desired result seemed as far off as ever. At length, the six months expired, and the poor woman, almost broken-hearted, went to pray as usual for the last time, thinking her great need must in some way be contrary to the will of God. Her husband returned from his work in a somewhat queer mood, and astonished his wife by leaving the dinner-table suddenly, and going to his bedroom.

His wife followed him, fearfully, and perceived, to her surprise, that her jeering husband had knelt to pray.

Not aware that he had been noticed, the man left his room and returned to his work.

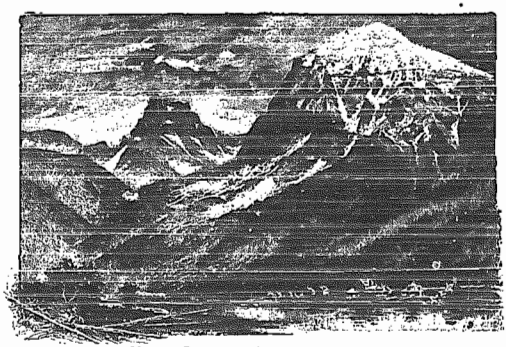
Later on, coming home for the night, his wife remarked, pleasantly, "What is the matter?"

"Matter!" replied the man. "I am a great lost sinner! About twelve o'clock to-day a word from the Bible came to me with such force, that I cannot get away from it," and again he repeated the words, "I know I am a lost sinner."

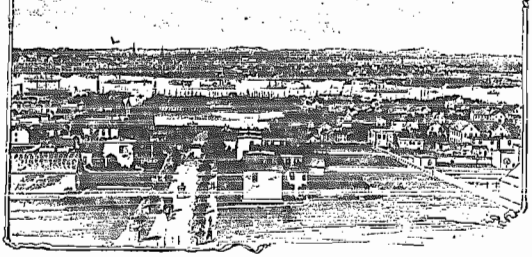
His wife beseeched him to pray; but he answered, "Oh, dear, it's no use: there's no forgiveness for me." Oppressed by the weight of his past misconduct he turned to his wife and asked her would she forgive him for all his misconduct towards her? The wife at once answered "I will."

"And will you pray for me?" the guilt-stricken husband added, and in a moment she was on her knees by his side, both praying, and weeping together—he tears of penitence, she tears of thankfulness and joy.

To-day he is a real Salvationist, doing his utmost to bring his neighbors to accept salvation through Jesus Christ. It was indeed wonderful grace which enabled this woman to hold on till her prayer prevailed, and trust in God in spite of seeming defeat.—London War Cry.



Mount Stephen, Rocky Moudtains.
Pacific Province.



City of St John, N.B.
Eastern Province.

THE OCTOBER DELIVERER

The Deliverer for October is out, and resembles a string of pearls. Always distinguished for its pictures, "Lost and Found," as a frontispiece, is above the average. Many soldiers will frame it. The article accompanying it is rich. "Recompensed" will, with a little singing between each chapter, prove a splendid week-night reading and service of song.

Commissioner "Mrs. Booth-Hellberg's Work in France" is illustrated by a fine picture of herself and six slum officers.

A new series of papers is begun by Brigadier Bown, to be followed by an article, entitled, "The Children's Playground," by Brigadier Duff.

"Able to Deliver" is a moralization on "A man come to be known by his uppermost characteristics." It has a striking picture of Daniel's answer to the King.

We learn from Mrs. Booth's Notes that:

"The Rescue Homes in London are financially in a very fair position. The only place at which the strain for money is greatly felt is the Maternity Hospital, where the expenses are naturally heavy, and the opportunity for earning money very small; yet God's hand has been so manifestly upon us in this work; so many hundreds of those, the most hopeful of all Rescue cases, are pleading with us for help that, in spite of financial difficulty, we must go forward, and in faith we have enlarged our accommodation by building another wing to the Brent House, so that during the coming year we shall deal, with an average of about twenty cases a month. We have dealt with 147 such cases during the past year, all of whom, with the exception of two or three, have proved most satisfactory."

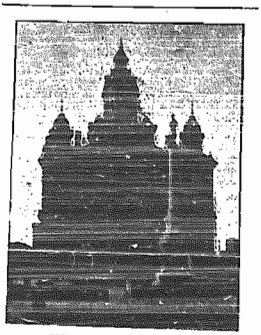
The premier article is by Staff-Capt. Ozanne, entitled, "The Crisis of a Soul." This article is illustrated by a full-page study of a girl's indecision. On the right stands the Redeemer; on the left the open door of worldly pleasure. Which will she choose?

The other features of the magazine are good.

Weaning from Earth.

Everything that tends to disenchant the present, and to fix our hearts and hopes upon the better world, must have an ennobling influence upon the soul. The more attractive heaven becomes to us, the more shall we seek in the present to cultivate the heavenly spirit. To be weaned from earth is one of the means of making us seek our spiritual food from heaven; and the trials of earth, transplanting us from place to place and from plan to plan, tend to prepare us for the great transplanting which is to take us from this world and root us in the garden of the Lord above.—Dr. W. M. Taylor.

Love sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man love prepares for its object.—Lavater.



Winnipeg City Hall.
North-West Province.

I—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XIV.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

After the death of Epaminondas peace was made between Sparta and the Thebans, who never produced another great man, with the exception of the poet Pindar.

Agesilaus, the Spartan King, at the age of eighty, persuaded his country to let him help Tachos, who had revolted from Persian rule, and made himself King of Egypt. He was, however, ill received at Egypt and derided by many on account of his insignificant stature; in addition to this he was angered at having been placed in a subordinate command. Tachos going against his advice, Agesilaus left him and aided another to overthrow Tachos, which was rather a blemish on his otherwise noble character. He died in Egypt and his body, embalmed in wax, was carried to Sparta for burial.

The Persian Empire was now decaying fast, and many cities revolted from its rule.

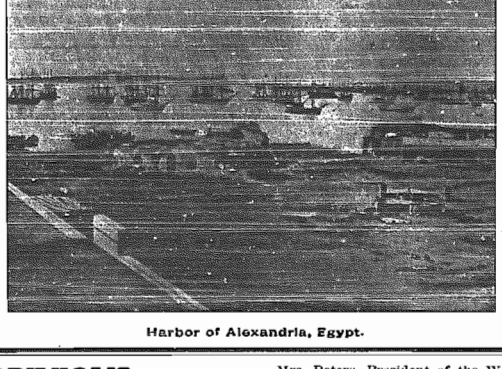
Athens had raised one more great man in Demosthenes, the son of a sword merchant, who left the boy an orphan at seven years of age. Being a rather delicate boy, his mother kept him much at home and neglected his physical training, as well as his general teaching, but as he grew older he learned much from Plato, the great philosopher. One day he made up his mind to become a public speaker. His first attempt was a dismal failure, but, nothing daunted, he set himself to the task of overcoming his timidity, his stammering and uncertain pronunciation. He filled his mouth with pebbles and practiced clear articulation. He spoke to the roaring waves of the sea to be capable of overshouting a raging crowd, etc., and he eventually became the greatest orator of the world.

His most eloquent discourses were written against Philip, King of Macedon, a power to the north of the other Greek States, which was growing dangerous to Greece; it was ever reckoned quite a part of Greece, as only a rough dialect was spoken there, and the King had been forced to join the Persian army under Xerxes. The Royal family counted Hercules as their father, and were anxious to be accepted as thorough Greeks. One of the young Princes, Philip, was taken to Thebes to secure him from enemies at home. Being lodged at the house of Epaminondas' father, he was much enthused by the great example of good policy and virtue.

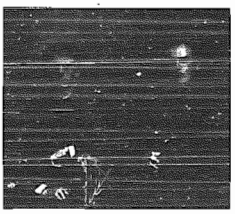
Two years after the battle of Mantinea, Philip heard that his elder brother, the king, was dead, leaving only a young infant upon the throne. He went home at once and took the guardianship of the kingdom, gained some great victories over the wild neighbors of Macedon, to the north, and then made himself king, without hurting his nephew, who grew up quietly at his court, and by and by married one of his daughters. He had begun to train his troops to excellent discipline, perfecting what was called the Macedonian phalanx, a manner of arraying his forces which he had learned in part from Epaminondas. The phalanx was a body of heavily-armed foot-soldiers, each carrying a shield, and a spear twenty-four feet long. When they advanced, they were taught to lock their shields together, so as to form a wall, and they stood in ranks, one behind the other, so that the front row had four spear points protecting them.

He also made the Macedonian nobles send their sons to be trained to arms at his court, so as to form a guard of honor, who were comrades, friends, and officers to the king. In the meantime, wars were coming on—one called the Social War and one the Sacred War—which wasted the strength of the Thebans, Spartans, and Athenians all alike, until Philip began to come forward, intending to have power over them all. At first, he marched into Thrace, the wild country to the north, and laid siege to Methone. In this city there was an archer, named Aster, who had once offered his services to the Macedonian army, when Philip, who cared the most for his phalanx, rejected him contemptuously, saying, "I will take you into my pay when I make war on starlings." This man shot an arrow, with the inscription on it, "To Philip's right eye," and it actually hit the mark, and put out his eye. Philip caused it to be shot back again, with the inscription, "If Philip takes the city, he will hang Aster." And so he did.

After Taking Methone, he was going to pass into Thessaly, but the Athenians held Thermopylæ, and he waited till he could ally himself with the Thebans against the Phocians. He took Phocis, and thus gained the famous pass, being able to attack it on both sides. The Athenians were urged by Demosthenes in one of of his Philippics, to forget all their old hatred to Sparta, and join her in keeping back the enemy of both alike: and their intention of joining Sparta made Philip wait, and begin by trying to take the great Island of Euboea, which he called the "Shackles of Greece." To its aid was sent a body of Athenians, under the command of Phocion, a friend of Plato, and one of the sternest of Stoics, of whom it was said that no one had ever seen him laugh, weep, or go to the public baths. He went about barefoot, and never wrapped himself up if he could help it, so that it was a saying, "Phocion has got his cloak on, it is a hard winter." He was a great soldier, and, for a time, drove back the Macedonians from Euboea. But very few Athenians had the spirit of Phocion or Demosthenes. They had grown idle, and Philip was bribing all who would take his money among the other Greeks to let his power and influence spread, until at last he set forth to invade Greece. The Thebans and Athenians joined together to stop him at Cheronea, in Bœotia; but neither city could produce a real general, and though at first the Athenians gained some advantage, they did not make a proper use of it, so Philip cried out, "The Athenians do not know how to conquer," and, making another attack, routed them entirely. The battle of Cheronea was a most terrible overthrow, and neither Athens nor Thebes ever recovered from it. Macedon entirely gained the chief power over Greece, and Philip was the chief man in it, though Demosthenes never ceased to try to stir up opposition to him. Philip was a very able man, and had a good deal of nobleness in his nature. Once, after a feast, he had to hear a trial, and gave the sentence in haste. "I appeal," said the woman who had lost. "Appeal? and to whom?" said the king. "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." He was greatly struck, heard the case over again the next day, and found that he had been wrong and the woman right.



Harbor of Alexandria, Egypt.



Capt. Owens and Cadet Weir, Gananoque, Ont.

(See article on page 11.)

OPINIONS

ABOUT

"The Life of John Read."

Extracts from Letters Received by Mrs. Read, and Reviews of the Press.

Mr. Jesse Page, Editor Missionary News, London, Eng., says: "I took it with me this (Sunday) morning and sat on the cliffs, overlooking the sea, and read it straight through, every word. It was better than a dozen sermons to me. Such a pathetic, heart-stirring record of a worthy soldier of the King! What you say in your preface about the motive and end of its publication will truly be accomplished. It is just one of those glimpses of a life so real, so human, and yet so filled with the Divine Spirit that it cannot fail to reproduce the excellencies it records. I have, as perhaps you know, some little experience in writing biographies, and I should say, out of magnificent material you have written a simple and telling record which will go right to the heart of the reader. I must admit that I read many of its pages through a mist of tears. I shall certainly refer to it in the October issue of the Illustrated Missionary News."

Mrs. Peters, President of the W. C. T. U., St. Johns, Nfld., says, "I prize the book very much. I have read quite a number of the pages. * * * Your book will be widely circulated, and may it be the means of leading many to the Saviour and building up character, and stimulating others. God's children die well."

Mrs. Rattray, Principal of Brantford Business College, writes: "I read the book from cover to cover, and I am sure I am not saying too much when I declare there is not an uninteresting line in it. It is beautiful, a grand monument to the memory of the loved one gone before. * * * Surely you must thank God for a life like his, the fragrance of which is not confined to your own city, or even to broad Canada, but is known and felt in the homes of loved ones beyond the sea. Let me say, too, from a literary point, the book is fine."

The city government of St. Petersburg has been so alarmed at the ravages of drunkenness, that twenty-five thousand saloons in that city have been closed, and only five thousand, under the control of the state, have been substituted for them, and certain limits have been placed upon the amount of liquor sold in them.

THE PENITENT'S DEATH.

B. T. S., Bracebridge.

The dark, wind-driven clouds around are seen;
The storm howls fierce and sudden. See the gleam
Of lightning's flash—beneath its piercing rays
He cowers, trembling, while, in fear, he prays
That God his ill-spent, sin-filled life will take,
Nor leave him in this strait; perchance to wake
To even darker, wilder, fiercer storms of doubt.

Before him, like a scroll, his life he sees:
His wife departed hence, through harsh decrees
And heavier blows—his children, fair and true,
Driven from home with curses, never knew
This twenty years, where "father" was—else they
Had tried, as oft they'd tried before, to sway
His stubborn spirit to the better way.

That friend, whom he had foully wronged and shamed
By artful fraud—himself should have been named
The base and criminal. All these now seemed
To pass in solemn file—before him gleamed
Their sightless eyes, as he obeyed them last.
Oh! how debased he felt. Could God the past
Forgive, and send him what he sought—His peace?

As on dark, dismal night, when all around
In darkest gloom is hid, and black is crowned
By blacker still—a tiny light may gleam,
And show the path before—so now his dream
Of crimes so foul as to be unforgiven,
Pierced by the light Divine, shows darkness riven,
And trusting now, his sins he knows forgiven.

Once more he is a boy at home, and there
He kneels at mother's knee, while earnest prayer
Ascends, from her, that God her boy will bless.
His mind is wandering now, but all distress
And fear have gone.—List to his words: "I pray the Lord my"—like a bird
His soul is soaring swiftly—heavenward.

A Christian should be, above all others, an optimist.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, or
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:—

CREDITORS, or
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeeton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

HUSTLERS' RENDEZVOUS.

The Eastern Star Heads the List Again.

ARAB JUST MISSES HIS LOST ASCENDANCY.

A Broad Hint to Spokane!

THE DUTIES OF A P. S.-M.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

By a very close margin the Eastern Star has again maintained his lead over Arab. "Close margin or not," says Major Pickering, "I've done the trick again. Honor to whom honor is due."

* * * *

Let me assure Major Southall that I have no deep rooted prejudice for him to tramp on. I endeavor to treat all in the same spirit of fairness and equity, and am prepared to "root" for Arab again on the old-time conditions.

* * * *

Mag, though distinctly in evidence, is not a dangerous number yet. Dear Major Hargrave, can't you unearth, say, a dozen extra boomers, and place your representative horse well in the van guard? Remember the old text, "Faint heart never" etc.

* * * *

Sad to relate, our much-loved steed, Nigger, is under the weather somewhat this week. His total of 81 is away below what he is capable of doing. If I thought any poor words of mine would be comforting, I would willingly donate them. Perhaps the C. O. P. people could give me a broad hint.

* * * *

Will the typesetter please set the following paragraph in caps?

THE PACIFIC PROVINCE SCRIBE IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED TO ENTER THE BOOMERS' SALES EACH WEEK IN NUMERICAL ORDER?

(Thanks, Mr. Typesetter.—E. E.)

* * * *

Here's a request to an old friend of mine, Adjt. Frank Morris, of Dawson City fame. Will my dear friend, the Adjutant, please secure a snapshot of Lieut. Aikens, selling War Crys on the streets of Dawson? The favor will be supremely esteemed.

* * * *

One of the leading duties of the Publication Sergt.-Major is to keep adding boomers to his Brigade, even if he has to divide a large district into two small ones in order to give his Sergeants some ground to work on. Wanted!—P. S. M's of the eagle-eye, greased-lightning, "make-room-for-me" kind!

* * * *

The finest War Cry Brigade we have belongs to St. Johns I., Nfld. Its chief fault is that some weeks the sales of the Brigade are not sent in. I can't find words strong enough to express my deep disapproval of such conduct!!!

* * * *

Once more let me quote one of my favorite maxims:

IT IS A BETTER THING FOR FOUR SOLDIERS TO SELL 25 CRYS EACH, THAN FOR ONE TO SELL 100.

REASONS:

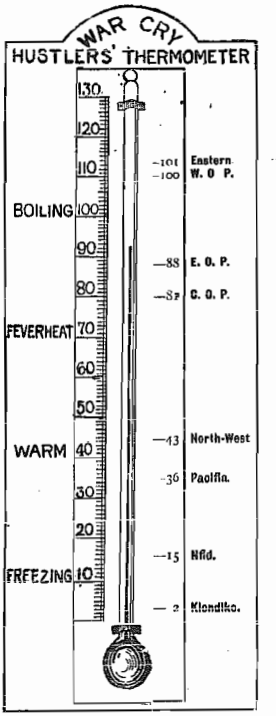
1.—It is "sharing one another's burdens."

2.—It provides a means of grace for four instead of one.

3.—It is easier done in every way.

4.—It helps your Province to secure first place.

5.—It trains four for active service, instead of only training one, and letting the other three get rusty.



EASTERN PROVINCE.

101 Hustlers.

Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	155
Sergt. Vicnot, Halifax II	130
S.-M. Minnie Smith, Windsor	128
Sergt. E. White, Campbellton	110
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's	110
Adjt. Byers, New Glasgow	105
Bandsman Kelly, St. George's	100
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth	90
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I	89
Bro. Reid, St. John I	80
Sergt. Fisher, Halifax I	78
Lieut. Neil Smith, Springhill	75
Capt. Pittman, Westville	72
Capt. Piercy, Sydney	70
Capt. Lamont, Halifax I	70
Capt. Bradbury, Fredericton	70
Cadet A. Murthough, St. John I	70
Lieut. Mowbray, Sussex	64
Sec. Churchill, Woodstock	61
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	60
Ensign Fraser, Moncton	60
Capt. C. Allen, Kentville	60
Ensign Larder, Glace Bay	60
Cadet B. Murthough, St. John I	60
Capt. E. McEachern, St. John II	55
Lieut. Meikle, Newcastle	55
Lieut. Armstrong, North Head	55
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, Fredericton	50
Capt. Carrie Sabine, Summerside	50
Capt. Tilley, Amherst	50
Lieut. Lebans, Amherst	50
Lieut. Smith, Houlton	50
Lieut. Grey, Springhill	50
Sister M. Mosher, Carleton	50
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	50
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Lottie Smith, Halifax II	46
Sergt. Jessie Irons, Windsor	46
Capt. Goodwin, Calais	45
Lieut. Cowan, Calais	45
Sister Annie Ramey, Bridgetown	44
Sister Ellen Ramey, Bridgetown	44
Sister Maud Wilson, Halifax I	44
Sister Lavinia Lebans, Fredericton	44
Ensign Wright, Chatham	43
Capt. Horwood, Truro	42
Lieut. Pemberton, St. John II	42
Lieut. Taylor, Halifax II	42
Adj. McNamara, Charlottetown	40
Capt. O. Clark, St. Stephen	40
Lieut. Leadley, Stellarton	40
Sergt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	40
Sister Lorrey, Canning	40
Cand. Richie, North Sydney	40
Gladys Blakeney, Springhill	40
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	39
Sergt. Mrs. Dine, Fredericton	39
Corps Cadet E. Allester, St. John	38
Gussie Dane, Fredericton	37
Capt. F. Knight, Woodstock	36
Sec. Mrs. Pike, North Sydney	35
Lieut. Dunscombe, Annapolis	35
Capt. F. Anderson, Summerside	35
Sergt. Mrs. Pettis, New Glasgow	35
Capt. Perry, North Sydney	35
Capt. J. Green, Pictou	31
Sister Lorrey, Canning	31
Lieut. Ebsary, Carleton	30
Lieut. Richards, Liverpool	30
Mrs. M. Rodgers, Pictou	30
Lieut. True, Sackville	30
War Cry Sergt.-Major, Bear River	30
Cand. L. Lebans, Fredericton	28
Ensign Mrs. Crichton, Windsor	27
Mother England, Chatham	27
Cand. McKenzie, New Glasgow	26
Mrs. Squires, Springhill	26
Capt. England, Sussex	25
Capt. Fancey, Hillsboro	25
Lieut. Brown, Hillsboro	25
Sergt. Mrs. Aldrich, New Glasgow	25
Sister Bessie Sharpham, Windsor	25
Treas. Allen, Yarmouth	25
Sergt. Warren, Houlton	25
Cadet Cameron, St. John I	23
Ensign Mrs. Larder, Glace Bay	23
Edith Moore, Annapolis	22
Edith Cushman, Annapolis	20
Corps Cadet Day, Glace Bay	20
Estella Larder, Glace Bay	20
Cand. McLennan, New Glasgow	20
Sergt. G. King, Yarmouth	20
Sergt. Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Capt. Doyle, Sydney Mines	20
S.-M. Treadwell, Newcastle	20
Charlie Kay, Moncton	20
Sister Burgess, Halifax I	20
Bessie Musgrove, North Sydney	20
Capt. Miller, Sackville	20
Lieut. Kirk, Bear River	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

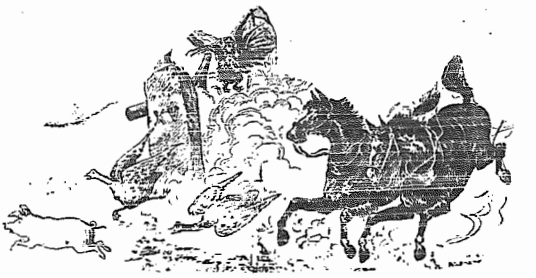
100 Hustlers.

Lieut. Fyfe, London	200
Capt. Carr, Brantford	168
Lieut. Knuckle, Stratford	156
S.-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	135
Capt. Freeman, Ridgetown	120
Cand. Foster, Petrolia	118
Mrs. Capt. Keeler, St. Thomas	100
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Galt	95
Lieut. Horwood, Goderich	95
Ensign Mrs. McKenzie, Clinton	85
Capt. Slote, Hespeler	85
Ensign Gamble, Woodstock	83
Treas. Scott, Guelph	81
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	77
Lieut. Jordinson, Leamington	75
Capt. Sitzer, Dresden	75
Capt. Burrows, Chatham	75
Lieut. Hockin, Wallaceburg	73
Lieut. Ringler, Windsor	72
Lieut. Crawford, Wingham	69
Sister McDougall, Goderich	65
Adjt. Blackburn, Windsor	65
Capt. Green, Simcoe	65
Capt. McLeod, Galt	65
Lieut. Kitchen, Woodstock	64
Lieut. Cook, Listowel	62
Sister McGuinn, Blenheim	60
Capt. Hancock, Guelph	59
Adjt. McAmmond, London	55
Lieut. Mumford, Woodstock	55
Capt. Haley, Paris	55
Sergt. Yeoman, Chatham	55
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	50
Sergt.-Major Allen, Mitchell	50
Sister Wakefield, Forest	50
Capt. Liston, Bayfield	48
Capt. Hoddinott, Strathroy	47
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	45
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	45
Capt. Coe, Sarnia	42
Lieut. Harman, Wyoming	41
Capt. Pynn, Drayton	40
Lieut. Winters, Strathroy	40
Sergt.-Major Dearling, Hespeler	40
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Brantford	39
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph	38
Lieut. Stickelis, Berlin	38
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	37
Sister M. Schnaier, Berlin	36
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	36
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	35
Treas. Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	35
Sister Whales, Leamington	34
Sister F. Erb, Berlin	33
Capt. Jarvis, Thedford	31
Sister Virtue, Windsor	30
Sister G. Cheeseman, London	30
Sergt. F. Palmer, London	30
Lieut. Crane, Bothwell	30
Capt. Rees, Norwich	30
Lieut. Wakefield, Petrolia	30
Capt. Howcroft, Berlin	30
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	28
Bro. Bean, Petrolia	28
Corps Cadet Jacklin, London	26
Sergt. McDonald, Wingham	26
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Bro. Bean, Wallaceburg	25
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	25
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	25
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Essex	25
Mrs. Oakes, Petrolia	25
Sister Copp, Seaforth	25
Sister Cutting, Essex	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	23
Capt. Hunter, Mitchell	23
Capt. Copeman, Watford	23
Sister Douelly, Palmerston	22
Edna Quick, Strathroy	22
S. M. Pennick, Woodstock	21
Bella Melton, Strathroy	21
Capt. Coy, Essex	20
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll	20
P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Emery, St. Thomas	20
Thomas Martin, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hockins, St. Thomas	20
Capt. McDonald, Bothwell	20
Sister M. Hilts, Blenheim	20
Lieut. Hart, Norwich	20
Adjt. McHarg, Brantford	20
Bro. Christnor, Dresden	20
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
Sister E. Crawford, Paris	20
Capt. Mathers, Listowel	20
Sister Schmidt, Paris	20
Mrs. Butler, London	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

88 Hustlers.

Capt. McNaney, Ottawa	200
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	200
Lieut. Almark, Picton	140
Lieut. Pitcher, Pembroke	100
Capt. Connors, Belleville	100
Sergt.-Major Perkins, Barre	100
Capt. Williams, St. Albans	96
Cadet Hicks, St. Albans	96
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I	95
Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury	90
Capt. Woods, Descronto	88
Capt. Crego, Brockville	85
Capt. Ranuall, Renfrew	85
Capt. Magee, Armstrong	85
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	80
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	70
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	70
Lieut. Brookets, Montreal I	69
Capt. Owen, Gananoque	67
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	63
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	60
Ensign Ward, Kingston	60
Capt. Burtch, Belleville	60
Lieut. Ludlow, Burlington	60
Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	56
Capt. Downey, Montreal II	55
Capt. Brown, Burlington	55
Capt. Brose, Trenton	54
Capt. Banks, Newport	53
Cadet Weir, Gananoque	53
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	53
Sergt.-Major Simons, Kingston	51
Capt. Green, Picton	50
Sister Simpson, Brockville	50
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV	50
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	50
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Campbellford	50
Capt. Jones, Montreal II	50
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I	50
Capt. Brindley, Cobourg	45
Mrs. Capt. Bearchell, Tweed	45
Capt. Crego, Odessa	44
Sergt. Grant, Kemptville	42
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	41
Lieut. Cook, Contiecoke	36
Lieut. Ash, Prescott	35
Sister Smardon, Montreal I	35
Capt. Vance, Port Hope	35
Mark Spencley, Peterboro	34
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	32
Capt. Patton, Pearceton	32
Lieut. Yandaw, Kingston	30
Lieut. Liddell, Millbrook	30
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook	30



Arab and Mag are Doing their Best to get a Move on in the Farm Yard, but they are Still Under the Weather.

Lieut. Carter, St. Johnsbury 28
Lieut. Carter, Bloomfield 28
Sister Robinson, Perth 27
Sergt. Barber, Kingston 26
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro 25
Eliza Darling, Port Hope 25
Sister Brown, Montreal I..... 25
Bro. Phillips, Barre 25
Sergt. Chillingsworth, Montreal IV 25
Bro. Simpson, St. Johnsbury 25
Ensign Kendall, Quebec 25
Maud Baker, Napanee 25
Mary Baker, Napanee 25
Capt. Bearchell, Tweed 23
Lieut. Langford, Montreal I..... 22
Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I..... 22
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro 21
Sergt. Downey, Kingston 21
Sister Wentworth, Kingston 20
Sergt. Coggin, Kingston 20
Capt. Findlay, Sunbury 20
Mrs. Capt. Brindley, Cobourg 20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro 20
Mrs. Hippern, Montreal II..... 20
Ensign Yerex, Montreal III..... 20
Bro. Newell, Barre 20
Bro. King, Barre 20
Bro. Wilbur, Barre 20
Ensign Walker, Barre 20
Harry Walker, Barre 20
Bro. Hersey, Barre 20
Sister Clark, Sherbrooke 20
Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke 20
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke 20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

81 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I 110
Capt. Wilson, Collingwood 87
Capt. White, Oshawa 70
Sister Mrs. Lightheart, Hamilton I. 70
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound 65
Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound 65
Capt. Brant, Little Current 65
Lieut. Craig, Orillia 63
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines ... 62
Capt. Poole, Dovercourt 60
Lieut. A. Stickells, Meaford 56
Capt. Gammaidge, North Bay 50
Lieut. Huskinson, North Bay 50
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside 50
Capt. R. Hanna, Parry Sound 50
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury 45
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury 45
Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay 45
Sergt. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.... 45
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines .. 44
Sister Maggie Dyer, Barrie 43
Capt. Lewis, Barrie 40
Capt. McCann, Midland 40
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Bracebridge 40
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge 40
Lieut. Trickey, Hamilton I..... 40
Capt. Lott, Omemee 37
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville 36
Capt. Barker, Fenelon Falls 35
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville 35
S.-M. Hinton, Oakville 35
Lieut. Crego, Aurora 35
Capt. Kivell, Dundas 35
Treas. Mrs. Killingbeck, Lindsay .. 35
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines 33
Capt. A. Charlton, Lindsay 32
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott 32
Lieut. Carver, Bowmanville 31
Capt. Dales, Alunie Harbor 30
Capt. Capper, Brooklin 30
Lieut. Bone, Midland 30
Bro. Case, Hamilton I..... 30
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville 30
S. M. Cooper, Kinmount 30
Cadet Maisey, Lippincott 29
Lieut. Young, Kinmount 28
Cadet Crosier, Lippincott 27
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II..... 27
Bro. C. Goods, Farm 27
Lieut. Stickells, Chesley 25
Cadet McKeown, Lippincott 25
Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville 25
Lieut. Pattenden, Huntsville 25
Sister L. Pattenden, Huntsville .. 25
Capt. Redburn, Riverside 25
Sergt. Stunden, Bracebridge 25
Lieut. Parker, Dundas 25
Lieut. Titus, St. Catharines 25
P. S. M. Pollard, Oakville 25
Tanie Sherward, Collingwood 24
Cadet Turner, Lisgar 24
Cadet Thompson, Lippincott 23
Capt. McDougall, Newmarket 23
Sister Maud Giddis, Fenelon Falls . 23
Sister Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines 22
Sergt. Brown, Huntsville 22
S.-M. Courtemanche, Norland 22
Father Curry, Hamilton II..... 21
Lieut. Bond, Hamilton II..... 20
S.-M. Tuck, Lisgar St..... 20
Sergt. Mrs. Mays, Bracebridge 20
Bro. Daut, Sudbury 20
Sergt. Emily Howell, Riverside 20
Ensign Wynn, Riverside 20
Sister Mrs. James, Orillia 20
Sister S. E. Price, Dovercourt 20
Capt. Bowers, Meaford 20
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Parry Sound .. 20
Gracie George, Hamilton I..... 20
Sister Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I... 20
Sister Maudie Wessler, Hamilton I. 20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

43 Hustlers.

Cadet J. Giles, Winnipeg 103
Cadet L. Nuttall, Winnipeg 82
Capt. Bauson, Calgary 72
Sister A. Cooke, Fargo 71
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks 70
Mrs. Cadet-Capt. Gilliam, Minot .. 63
Mrs. Capt. Westacott, Portage la Prairie 63
Lieut. Russell, Moose Jaw 63
Capt. Lloyd, Devil's Lake 60
Cadet-Capt. Gilliam, Minot 60
Cadet McRae, Winnipeg 58
Capt. Myers, Edmonton 55
Ensign Burton, Calgary 55
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge 54
Sister A. Heath, Portage la Prairie 43
Lieut. Dunster, Valley City 47
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton 45
Capt. E. Anderson, Jamestown 45
Mrs. Ensign Habkirk, Rat Portage. 42
Bro. F. Rogers, Regina 42
Mrs. Kelley, Fargo 41
Capt. Clark, Virden 40
Lieut. Cook, Brandon 40
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg 39
Sister Gamble, Rat Portage 37
Capt. Mercer, Lisbon 35
Adjt. Thomas, Jamestown 31
Ensign Habkirk, Rat Portage 31
Bro. Harvey, Valley City 30
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks 30
Ensign E. Hayes, Brandon 30
Capt. Brandser, Lisbon 29
Cadet Hall, Rat Portage 26
Capt. LeDrew, Carberry 25
Lieut. D. Cusitar, Carberry 25
Lieut. Draper, Larimore 25
Bro. Moron, Lethbridge 25
Sergt. G. Chapman, Winnipeg 24
Sister Johanson, Winnipeg 21

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Sister E. Craft, Grand Forks 20
S.-M. Higgins, Hannah 20
Capt. Hammond, Larimore 20
Sister F. Jones, Winnipeg 20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

36 Hustlers.

Capt. Quant, Rossland 200
Cadet Johnson, Spokane 175
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Anaconda 150
Mrs. Adjt. Gale, Butte 135
Lieut. Ellison, Vancouver 125
Lieut. Morris, Great Falls 100
Adjt. Woodruff, Nelson 100
Mrs. S. A. Crane, New Westminster 85
Sister M. Lewis, Victoria 75
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Trail 75
Lieut. Lloyd, Butte 65
Lieut. Long, Dillon 65
Capt. Scott, Missoula 52
Sister Wallender, Rossland 50
Bro. Moody, Vancouver 50
Capt. Southall, Missoula 47
Capt. Duthie, Vancouver, ... 40
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Nanaimo 40
Lizzie Gowie, Nanaimo 40
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria 40
Cadet Bowyer, Mt. Vernon 38
Ensign Cummins, Revelstoke 36
Lieut. Pentie, Bozeman 34
Sister A. Lewis, Victoria 32
Capt. Miller, Bozeman, ... 31
Mrs. Noble, Revelstoke 31
Ensign Ziebarth, Great Falls 30
Sister Olson, Kamloops 30
Sister A. Morris, Victoria 30
Cadet La[illegible] Vernon 26
Emm[illegible] Falls 25

Lieut. Patterson, Victoria 24
Bro. Hall, Rossland 20
Cadet Stork, Sheridan 20
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Revelstoke. 20
Lieut. Nesbitt, Kamloops 20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

15 Hustlers.

Cand. Clark, St. Johns I..... 85
Cand. R. Baggs, St. Johns I..... 25
Sergt. M. Childs, St. Johns I..... 25
Cadet Knight, St. Johns I..... 25
Cadet Dader, St. Johns I..... 25
Cadet Ludlow, St. Johns I..... 25
Cadet Tilley, St. Johns I..... 20
Capt. Oxford, St. Johns I..... 25
Sergt. Lidsten, St. Johns I..... 20
Cand. Bailey, St. Johns I..... 20
Cand. Noel, St. Johns I..... 20
Cadet Knight, Harbor Grace 40
Capt. Janes, Grand Bank 23
Leander Smart, Tilt Cove 10
Lieut. Webber, Greenspond 25

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Lieut. Aiken, Dawson City 342
Ensign Bloss, Skagway 100

Hallelujah Wedding at Neepawa

Capt J. F. Herringshaw and Capt. Bailey say "I Will."

For some weeks past it has been announced, both by the local press and by large posters, that there was to be a Hallelujah Wedding and banquet on Thursday, Sept. 28th, but the names of the interested parties had not been given. The day arrived and everyone was wondering who it was to be. The banquet was given from 6 to 8, in the Court House, and at 8 o'clock at the barracks, the wedding took place.

The barracks was well filled before the time announced to begin, and after a song had been sung and prayer was made for God's richest blessing on the meeting, the wedding party entered, led by Major McMillan, our Provincial Officer, amid cheers and volleys. At last their curiosity was satisfied. Short addresses were made by both married and likely candidates for marriage, which were very interesting, particularly so when Capt. Knudson said that the next best thing to salvation was a good wife.

The Major spoke a few words of advice to the bride and groom, after which he asked the party to stand forward. The Articles of Marriage were read, to which they responded very cheerfully. Capt. Gooding, who nobly assisted Capt. Bailey, sang a solo. Capt. H. Habkirk, who assisted Capt. Herringshaw, spoke a few words, wishing Capt. and Mrs. Herringshaw a happy and useful future. The bride was an entire stranger to the people of Neepawa, and was listened to very attentively by all present. The groom, who was not a stranger, having been stationed in Neepawa for a few months, also spoke. He quite agreed with the Major when he said he was getting a beautiful girl, and that he knew that two years ago. A very pleasant time was spent, and everyone in the building, signifying by raising to their feet, wished Capt. and Mrs. Herringshaw every happiness and prosperity in their future life.

The visiting officers were Ensign Hayes, of Brandon; Mrs. Ensign Habkirk, of Rat Portage; Capt. and Mrs. Willins, of Portage la Prairie; Capt and Mrs. Knudson, of Winnipeg; Capt. LeDrew and Lieut. Cusitar, of Carberry; and Capt. Kenmir, of Minnedosa.—H. C. H.

DON'T CARE,

AND WHERE IT LEADS TO.

(The contribution was written by an inmate of the Central Prison, Toronto, who was visited by Mrs. Read recently, and, according to her account, is getting along beautifully in the new-found spiritual life.—E.)

What is written here comes from a convict who is at present serving a term of imprisonment for wrong doing, but who has found the Pearl of Greatest Price while confined in his lonely prison cell, and who feels himself constrained to write a few lines to the War Cry.

The two words, "don't care," are very frequently used by all classes and conditions of society. They are said sometimes thoughtlessly, sometimes earnestly, and sometimes from force of habit, but they are very dangerous words to trifle with. We should be most careful in using them for they will become a habit, and bad habits lead to bad character. Perhaps there are some people who do not believe that two little words like these could bring harm or sorrow; but let us enquire. Take, for instance, the rich man, of which St. Luke tells. He did not care for Lazarus, who laid at his gate only desiring to be fed from the crumbs that fell from the table of the rich man. Perhaps the rich man did not say he did not care in words, but he did say so by his actions, and actions speak louder than words. Consider what his don't-care mode of living resulted in. In Luke xvi. 23 we are told that in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. The rich man began to care then, but it was too late.

Now, let me give you an illustration from my own life. It may be the means of helping some one. In my school days I got into the habit of saying "I don't care." These two words have proved to be my first step downwards. From the habit of saying them, I grew into the habit of being careless. I remember coming home from school one night rather late. My mother said to me, "I do wish you would try and get home a little earlier, for you know how your father would thrash you if he were home." I coolly remarked, "I don't care for him nor his thrashings." The tears started down the cheeks of my dear mother, as she gave me kind, motherly advice and begged me quit that don't-care habit, telling me the consequences of it. I remember her asking me if I knew where the road of don't-care led to. Says she, "I'll tell you. It leads behind the prison bars, and often to the scaffold."

Some 17 years have passed since that and my mother's words have come true, and that makes it more bitter to bear. But, thank God, to-day I am rejoicing in my mother's God, the God that is long-suffering and slow to anger. Oh, how I thank God that He gave me a good Christian mother, and although it pleased Him to take her from me 16 years ago, I rejoice in the knowledge that I shall meet her in the land of Light and Love.

Now, reader, are you going in the way of don't-care; if so, take the advice of one that has tried it, and is in a position to tell you, it does not pay. Perhaps you have been acting as though you don't care about the plan of salvation that God has so mercifully worked out for your interest; if so, in the name of Jesus, I beg of you to stop and consider where don't-care may lead to.

To be a Christian is to be a helpful brother laden with serviceableness; to be a Christian and not a brother, is a contradiction and an absurdity.

Australasia Revisited

OR,

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COMMISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER XIII.

ORGANIZATION.

This will be a dull chapter to that section of my readers who expect every chapter to contain an unexpected and sensational incident, with a touch of the harrow in it, and a glowing and glorious finish. This is simply to tell that Major led a life of which the New Zealand public knew little. They watched his magnetic figure flit hither and thither and marvelled at his dexterity and resource. He never faltered; he was never at a loss for a word, an answer to a critic or an opponent, or a plan of attack.

His rapidity of action was, however, by far the most conspicuous feature of his work in these days. Colonists flatter themselves on their readiness to face and overcome a difficulty, the New Zealanders especially. With an axe, saw, some nails, an old plough, spade, and a few other agricultural utensils, he plunged into a forest, cleared it of its giant trees, and in two or three seasons you saw him thriving, and contemplating the erection of a church, school, and a mechanics' institute.

But Major Pollard left the average Colonials little elbow-room for the occasional entertainment of boasting what he had done, could do, and would do. Major Pollard stopped at nothing. He swept from one end of the Colony to the other, directing the general conduct of the war, negotiating buildings, securing Candidates, instructing and inspiring officers, and organizing corps on the model of what he had seen and been taught in the Old Country.

Started a "Cry."

Besides all this he had to provide for the literature and singing needs of the movement. Major Pollard had to start, write for, edit, print and publish a War Cry! In itself, such a task—some of us know by experience—is no child's play; but in the case of Capt. Pollard—he had not been promoted to the rank of Major when the first issue saw the light—"copy" had to be collected in the midst of running a movement that was advancing by leaps and bounds, proofs corrected in the dead of the night, and pages finally passed and put on the machines under circumstances that would try the temper of an angel.

Having secured a printer and the co-operation of a few friendly but unreliable individuals, Pollard's next business was to draw up a program, which, in those days, was more difficult than the execution of it. The mortal, or rather the immortal, result is before us, and a credible creation it is.

On the first page the young Editor made his first literary hit. The first column was occupied with the inevitable note about ourselves:

"Yes, thank God! we're making another bold advance on the kingdom of darkness by establishing a New Zealand War Cry. Only ten weeks have passed away since we landed here, and, oh, how blessed the result of our few weeks' work! How rapid the strides God has enabled us to make already!

"How sweet the songs of salvation bursting forth from hundreds of lips—aye, and from hundreds of hearts—in this colony to-day, where some few weeks (only a few weeks) ago all was darkness, sin and sorrow. 'What,' you say, 'has this been done here?' Yes, even here, and far more has been done than will ever be revealed in the columns of the War Cry.

"When we arrived we were told that we had come on a bootless errand; that the people here were beyond our reach; that there was not material for us to work upon; and that we had better have stopped at home.

"But we set to work to publish the old Gospel story of salvation in the old Gospel style, and the first meeting held sufficed to show us that there were hundreds over here without God, and without hope, and we finished up with some seeking mercy. And now, looking back on the short time spent here, we are able to praise God that we have seen hundreds, of all ages, turning from sin to the world's Redeemer."

The second and third columns were taken up with a racy sketch of the genesis of the Salvation Army, while the fourth, or leader column, contained an address by the Army Mother. A hit—a distinct hit, we say, and one that even the distinguished gentleman that so mysteriously presides and edits this story will not be above admitting was most fitting and opportune.

The second page broke forth into war news—hot and sparkling. A Council of War in Dunedin, a flying visit to Christ church, rocket paragraphs, songs and other items were crowded into its compass, with this acrostic:

"N—ow's the day, and now's the hour,
E—ver near the Heavenly power,
W—ar the 'Cry' and peace the rest,

Z—eal and prayer the soldier's crest,
E—ver on and upward still,
A—ll for Jesus—not my will;
L—ord of Lords and King of Kings,
A—dvance as on eagle's wings,
N—ew life give till Zealand rings.
D—evils, fiends alike shall flee,

W—hen Thy glorious face they see.
A—ttend, sinners, to His call,
R—un, and at His footstool fall.

C—ry, and let this paper cry;
R—ejoice always, live up high;
Y—our title's clear and victory's nigh.'

At Home and Abroad.

The third page was devoted to "The War at Home," by which we were to understand England. Pollard believed in having a song on every page, a plan which has several advantages. It ensures an audience opening the pages!

Then Pollard, true to his international learning, devoted the fourth page to the work of the Army in other lands—namely, India, Sweden—and an address by the General, so that you had, in the space of four large pages, matter which appealed to nearly every section of colonial life. Here is a gem from the General's pen:

"If soldiers run away, run after them. If they fall, pick them up. This must be done in the spirit of forbearance and tenderness also.

"If a man has done wrong, try to find out the temptation. Think how it might have happened with you under the same circumstances, and set to work to bring him back to Christ, in a pitying, compassionate spirit."

The War Cry was well printed and readable. Long primer type was used for the chief articles, and bourgeois and brevier for the others. It created a sensation. Everyone wanted to buy. Some purchased several copies, and would not part with them now, except for a small fortune, and some not at that.

Then, it was intended that five thousand copies of the song book should be issued; but, as a matter of fact, two corps swallowed them up in a few weeks, and the machines were kept going for weeks printing nothing but song books.

(To be continued.)

Naval and Military League.

Notes by Margaret Allen.

Seized his Chance

Beautiful stories of work during mobilisation have drifted slowly in. Leaguers are always quicker to do their work than to tell about it!

Brother Kat was the only Leaguer on H. M. S. Minerva, but he made up his mind to do his level best to do something.

"May I hold a meeting?" he asked the Commander.

"What denomination?"

"Oh, Salvation Army, Sir!"

"I don't know that there is any reason why you should not. If the men do not object, I do not."

"The men would like it, Sir."

"Then you may have it."

Accordingly, Tom brought out song books and started off with a solo. A crowd gathered to hear, and one after another suggested favorite numbers. Gradually the point was reached when straight talk was poured into the ears which did not refuse to hear, and however pointed the references the men stood still to listen.

Several meetings were held in this way, and when the Minerva reached Chatham, Tom thought the time was ripe for introducing an officer. Permission was granted for this also, and Adjt. Greenland was brought on board to conduct a meeting. Half the ship's company was ashore, but out of the rest, two hundred attended, and respectful attention was given throughout.

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At Smyrna.

Brother Ames (H. M. S. Isis) says: "While at Smyrna a short time ago we had some glorious times ashore. On Sunday there was a meeting in the Smyrna Rest, when Greeks, Germans, Armenians, and one sailor of the United States Navy were present. I pleaded with the latter to give his heart to God, and, hallelujah, he got gloriously saved.

"I was asked to speak to the people of the Greek Congregational Church in the week, and, through an interpreter, I told them what God had done for me, and what He would do for them if they would only let Him.

"At Leghorn we had a hallelujah time in the Army—an English meeting—with a policeman standing at the door to keep out the crowd."

"In face of all these men around me who do not want to have anything to do with Jesus, I feel unequal to the problem 'How to get the Service men saved.' We live out the Christian life before them, and God knows how hard it is to do this—how the petty things of our life test our patience and temper. If some big sacrifice were to be made for Jesus, it would be so much more easy! However, God is with us—'He it is that doth go before thee; He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee,'—and, having this promise, I go on, realizing that God's word shall not return unto Him void."

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Bermuda Leaguers.

Something seems to have happened to the Bermuda military mail. Parcels go astray, letters are undelivered, communication has been greatly broken between the League Office and the Worcesters, but, hallelujah, the Worcester boys are keeping saved and going ahead finely. Private Howe has got the Corps Cadet system at work, in order that any who are thinking later of offering themselves for Salvation Army service, may be well up in the doctrines, methods and principles of the Salvation Army.

"I trust," writes he, "that out of my regiment shall come some of the most Blood-and-Fire officers that are to be found in the Army, then I shall feel that the time I have spent in the service has been owned and blessed of God, and I shall be able to look back on it with pleasure."

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"I'll be a Leaguer, Too."

"Well, yes," said a stoker in an Army prayer meeting, to one who was "fishing" in his neighborhood, "I've made up my mind to serve God, because those chaps who do always get on best in the Service."

"Is there not another reason, much stronger than that, why you ought to serve God?"

"I ain't got any other," he owned, honestly.

Larry—that was not the name he was christened by, but for his own sake I am not going to say what it was—Larry, of H. M. S. ——, was much of the same opinion as that stoker. He wanted to get on, and on looking around his ship he saw that the men with the best records were Christians, that the "clean arms" belonged to the drunken and dissolute of the ship's company.

"Pon my word," he thought, "if those who haven't done best aren't Salvationists! I'm determined not to finish this commission with my present rating. I'll be a Leaguer, too!"

The praying party could not see into the lad's heart, and when he said he wanted to be a Christian and a Salvationist, they took him at his word and welcomed him heartily.

Never question a servant or child about family matters.

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Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.

—◇][◇—

Never associate with bad company. Have good companions or none.

—◇][◇—

Never cast your bread upon the waters hoping that it will return in the form of iced fruit cake.

EVIL SPEAKING.

By MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

Guard thy tongue, and guard it wisely,
Thence a world of evil springs;
Though it be a little member,
Yet it boasteth wondrous things.
It can whisper words of comfort,
It can wound or cheer the heart;
It can seal the bonds of union,
It can hurl them all apart.

It can cheer the sad and lonely
Like a beam of morning light;
O'er a gentle, loving spirit
It can throw a cruel blight.
We have need to guard it wisely,
And be careful what we say,
Lest we harm an erring brother,
Who may stumble by the way.

THAT POOR ARMY BONNET

By W. RITCHIE.

I was a stranger in the town, having been detained there over Sunday by the failure of two trains to connect. So the afternoon found me in the barracks enjoying the free-and-easy meeting.

In front of me sat a man and wife, both wearing some Army uniform. The man was apparently at home in the free-and-easy. His testimony was soul-inspiring and his face radiant. His wife sat beside him, but did not share any of her husband's joy. Her face wore a soul-hungry expression, as though she knew what it all meant, but did not share the blessing. It was her bonnet that riveted my attention. Such a sad looking bonnet it was, too. There seemed to be tears all over it, and it drooped down as though it was ashamed to be seen and wished that it could crawl out of sight somewhere and die an honest death; and well it might, for it had been so altered and changed that a careless observer might never notice that it was a hallelujah bonnet at all, and at one time was trimmed with Army blue, and a red band that told to all those who saw it that its wearer was a Salvationist, who worked and prayed for the salvation of the souls of the lost.

As I gazed at it that afternoon, with its folds and knots of black velvet trimming, surmounted by a large bow of black lace, I thought its wearer must be a person of less than ordinary intelligence, but just then I saw the face, and was surprised. The forehead was high and full, indicating intellectual development; the nose was rather long, of the Roman type, while the rather heavy but well-defined chin and firm mouth, indicated purpose and capacity. The eyes were large and kindly, but the look in them startled me. Oh, the soul-hunger that seemed to mark the whole face. An evident longing to share in the joy manifested by the other soldiers. She did not speak—I did not expect she would—and when the soldiers knelt in the prayer meeting she rose and left the hall, while the bonnet looked more dejected than ever.

The Bonnet's Message.

Th message of that Army bonnet to me has never left me. It told me of other days when its wearer was a power in the corps. Young and old were blessed by her life and testimony; but Satan came, as he did to Eve, and whispered that if she did not take such a self-denying stand people would think more of her, and she could do just as much for God, and be ever so much more respectable; and, alas! alas! she yielded, first a little, in not attending so many meetings, then some uniform was laid aside. She did not like to put off the bonnet altogether, for both herself and husband were local officers, and what would the soldiers say? So one day she took off the red band—who could blame her for that? She thought how many sisters did not wear them at all. Later on the Army blue trimming disappeared, and plain black took its place, only to be followed by satin folds and knots, and a great bunch of black lace, and through it all the soul was dying. The old-time power was gone. The joy of the Lord no longer was her strength.

Some day soon the poor, distorted bonnet will be laid away and a hat of more elaborate proportions will take its place. Were it alive it seems to me that the old bonnet would be thankful that its life of hypocrisy was over, that it would no longer be compelled to adorn an emblem of self-sacrificing salvation a soul on whose altar the fire had gone out, and from whom ten holy spirits had been driven away.